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THE ART-JOURNAL.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE LADY'S TAILOR. Engraved by C. W. Sharpe, from the Picture by H. S. Marks.
2. IN THE SEPULCHRE. Engraved by S. Smith, from the Picture by M. Claxton, in the Museum, South Kensington.
3. THESEUS. Engraved by Weatherhead, from the Sculpture in the British Museum.

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DEDICATED, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

We find it desirable to state that although the Art-Journal consists of Thirty Annual Volumes, of these Volumes a distinct series has been issued several times during the period that has passed since 1839, when the work was first published. New Subscribers may, therefore, obtain a *Series*, without considering it necessary to procure the whole Work; or, indeed, may begin with the present year, when a new Series may be said to have commenced.

The Art-Journal continues to be, as it has long been, the only publication in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented; that result may arise from the great outlay of capital requisite for its production; but it cannot be presumptuous to add, that it is owing also to the continual care and industry it receives from its conductors.

The Art-Journal is among the earliest of the Periodical Works by which Art was brought to the aid of Literature. It has contained above 800 Engravings on Steel, and upwards of 30,000 Engravings on Wood. A large number of the most competent critics and Art-authorities have communicated knowledge through its pages: every department of Art and Art-manufacture having been, as far as possible, represented.

Of the Wood-Engravings, the greater number—exhibiting the productions of Manufacturers, not alone of Great Britain, but of all the countries of the World—have taught the valuable lesson that is derived from comparison. The Line-Engravings are from pictures by the principal Artists of Europe; every British Painter and Sculptor of eminence having thus been made a Teacher.

The Conductors of the Art-Journal are therefore justified in believing that Work to have not only promoted but originated much of the improvement to which, of late years, the Industrial Arts have been subjected, and to have mainly induced that prosperity by which the labours of British Artists have been, of late, rewarded. It has done its part in training and directing that public taste which now influences, more or less, every class of the community.

Its Conductors, therefore, trust they may calculate, with confidence, on the continued support of all to whom Art is either a luxury or a necessity, and that their list of Subscribers will augment, in proportion to the daily increasing interest in the many kindred subjects treated in these pages; their duty being to communicate intelligence concerning every topic connected with Art that can inform and interest the Artist, the Amateur, the Student, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan, and convey to the general public such information as may excite interest in Art, in all its manifold ramifications; to produce not only a beautiful Work for the Drawing-room, but one that shall be equally an accession to the Studio and the Workshop.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the Universal Exhibition (Paris, 1868), bound in a Volume, may be obtained of the Publishers, or by order of any Bookseller in the kingdom—price One Guinea.

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address, but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the Art-Journal is 16, **SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND,** where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers should be forwarded to 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1869.

IT is again our duty, at the termination of another year, to express our very grateful sense of the support we have received, and the consequent prosperity that has attended our labours.

There are few to whom the task is easy—of comparison from personal experience; but, among our Subscribers, are many who can revert to the earlier condition of British Art, and contrast it with the high and palmy state now attained by nearly every branch of it.

The Art that thirty-one years ago was surrounded and hampered by discouragements and difficulties, is now extending its influence among all classes; there is scarcely a town of note throughout the Kingdom that has not its school for teaching, and its masters competent to teach. The knowledge that, a quarter of a century back, was attainable only by long labour and careful search, is now brought within easy reach of those who desire it, either for enjoyment or profitable occupation; and the natural results may be seen, not only in our annual exhibitions, multiplied ten-fold throughout England, but in every Art-manufactory and every workshop in Great Britain.

The various and diversified movements we have endeavoured to represent and to aid. We are not arrogant in assuming that we have succeeded in achieving our high purpose, kept steadily in view since the ART-JOURNAL *was established—to foster and promote the interest of British Art in all its ramifications.*

Our acknowledgments are especially due to the many Collectors of works by Modern Artists who have lent us pictures for engraving: to the advantage hence derived we must attribute much of our power. It is not necessary that we print the list of works now in preparation; it will suffice to state that they include examples of many of the great Masters of England, and of some of the leading Painters of the Continent, selected from the best Private Galleries in Great Britain.

We are justified in referring to our past as the surest guarantee for our future; in believing that our Subscribers and the Public will have full confidence in our progress, needing no assurance that every means at our disposal shall be exerted to maintain the position we occupy—and that alone—not in England only, but in Europe and in America.

All that energy and industry, aided by large experience and by liberal expenditure, can do, shall be done, to render this Journal useful, and to retain for it the public favour it has so long enjoyed.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. E. L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART XI.

As the fifteenth century advanced the wars of the Roses gave urgent reason for attention to the subject of defensive armour; and we find, accordingly, that the fashions of armour underwent many modifications, in the attempt to give the wearer more perfect protection for life and limb. It would be tedious to enter into the minute details of these changes, and the exact date of their introduction: we must limit ourselves to a brief history of the general character of the new fashions. The horizontal bands of armour called *taces*, depending from the coraiet, became gradually narrower; while the pieces which hung down in front of the thighs, called *tuilles*, became proportionately more numerous. In the reigns of Richard III. and Henry VII. the knightly equipment reached its strangest forms. Besides the usual close-fitting pieces which protected the arms, the elbow-piece was enlarged into an enormous fan-like shape that not only protected the elbow itself, but overlapped the fore arm, and by its peculiar shape protected the upper arm up to the shoulder. The shoulder-pieces also were strengthened, sometimes by several super-imposed overlapping plates, sometimes by hammering it out into ridges, sometimes by the addition of a *passe garde*—a kind of high collar which protected the neck from a sweeping side blow. The breastplate is globular in shape, and often narrow at the waist; from it depend narrow *taces* and *tuilles*, and under the *tuilles* we often find a deep skirt of mail. When broad-toed shoes came into fashion, the iron shoes of the knight followed the fashion; and at the same time, in place of the old gauntlet in which the fingers were divided, and each finger protected by several small plates of metal, the leather glove was now furnished at the back of the hand with three or four broad over-lapping plates, like those of a lobster, each of which stretched across the whole hand. These alterations may have added to the strength of the armour, but it was at the cost of the elegance of appearance.

In the time of Henry VIII., in place of the *taces* and *tuilles* for the defence of the body and thighs, a kind of skirt of steel, called *lamboys*, was introduced, which was fluted and ribbed vertically, so as to give it very much the appearance of a short petticoat. Henry VIII. is represented in this costume in the equestrian figure on his great seal. And a suit of armour of this kind, a very magnificent one, which was presented to the king by the Emperor Maximilian on the occasion of his marriage to Katharine of Arragon, is preserved in the Tower armoury.

A good sketch of a suit of this kind will be seen in one of the pikemen—the fifth from the right hand—in the nearest rank of the army in the engraving on the next page. The armour of this reign was sometimes fashioned in exact imitation of the shape of the ordinary garments of a gentleman of the time, and engraved and inlaid in imitation of their woven or embroidered ornamentation.

In the tournament armour of the time the defences were most complete, but unwieldy and inelegant. The front of the saddle had a large piece of armour attached, which came up to protect the trunk, and was bent round to encase each thigh; the shield was also elaborately shaped and curved, to form an outer armour for the defence of the whole of the left side. Instead of the shield there was sometimes an additional piece of armour, called the *grande garde*, screwed to the breastplate, to protect the left side and shoulder; while the great spear had also a piece of armour affixed in front of the grasp, which not only protected the hand, but was made large enough to make a kind of shield for the right arm and breast. There was also sometimes a secondary defence affixed to the upper part of the breastplate, which stood out in front of the face. These defences for thigh and breast will be observed

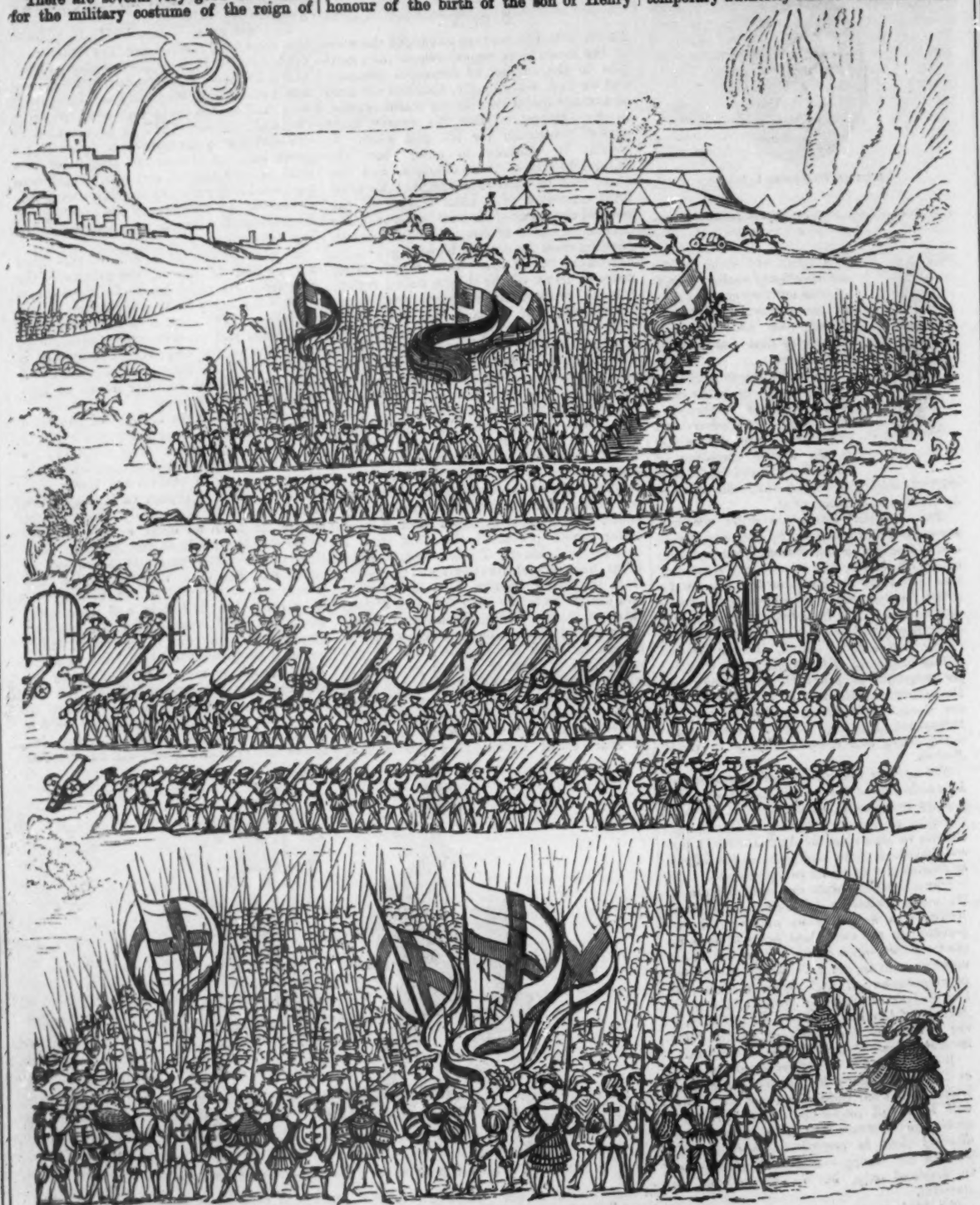
No. 1. A COMBAT ON FOOT: FROM HANS BURGMAIER'S WEISS KONIGE.

in the woodcut of the "playing at tournament," No. 2, on p. 183 (Sept., 1868); and in the combat of the Earl of Warwick, No. 6, p. 185, will be seen how the *grande garde* is combined with the *volante* piece which came in front of the face. Behind such defences the tilter must have been invulnerable; on the other hand, his defences were so unwieldy that he must have got into his saddle first, and then have been packed securely into his armour; and when there, he could do nothing but sit still and hold his spear in rest: it seems impossible for him even to have struck a single sword stroke. James I.'s remark on armour was especially true of such a suit: "It was

BRITISH MUSEUM 17 FE 70

an admirable invention which preserved a man from being injured, and made him incapable of injuring any one else."

There are several very good authorities for the military costume of the reign of Henry VIII. easily accessible to the student and artist. The roll preserved in the College of Arms which represents the tournament held at Westminster, A.D. 1510, in honour of the birth of the son of Henry and Katharine of Arragon, has been engraved in the "Vetusta Monumenta." The painting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold at Hampton Court is another contemporary authority full of costumes of all



No. 2. KING HENRY THE EIGHTH'S ARMY. (Aug. III., f. 4.)

kinds. The engravings of Hans Burgomaier, in the Triumphs of Maximilian and the Weise Könige, contain numerous authorities very valuable for the clearness and artistic skill with which the armour is depicted. We have given an illustration, on the preceding page, reduced from one of the plates of the latter work, which represents a combat of two knights, on foot. The armour is partly covered by a surcoat; in the left-hand figure it will be seen that it is fluted. The shields will be noticed as illustrating one of the shapes then in use.

But our best illustration is from a contemporary drawing in the British Museum

(Aug. III., f. 4), which represents Henry VIII.'s army, and gives us, on a small scale, and in very sketchy but intelligible style, a curious and valuable picture of the military equipment of the period. We have two armies drawn up in battle array, and the assault is just commenced. The nearer army has its main body of pikemen, which, we know from contemporary writers, formed the main strength of an army at this time, and for long after. In front of them are two lines of arquebusiers. Their front is protected by artillery, screened by great *mantelets* of timber. The opposing army has similarly its main body of pikemen, and its two lines of arquebusiers: the first line engaged in an assault upon the enemy's artillery. On the left flank of the main body is the cavalry; and there seems to be a reserve of pikemen a little distance in the rear, behind a rising ground. Tents pitched about a village represent the head-quarters of the army, and baggage-waggons on the left of the picture show that the artist has overlooked nothing: a fortress in the distance is taking part in the engagement with its guns.

There are other similar pictures in the same volume, some of which supply details not here given, or not so clearly expressed. At folio 1 are two armies, each with a van of musketeers three deep, a main body of pikemen eleven deep, and a third line of musketeers three deep. The cavalry are more distinctly shown than in the picture before us, as being men-at-arms in full armour, with lances. At folio 3 the drummers, fifers, and baggage and camp followers are shown.

The following account, from Grafton's Chronicle, of the array in which Henry VIII. took the field when he marched to the siege of Boulogne, will illustrate the picture:—

"The xxj. day of July (1513), when all thinges by counsayle had bene ordered concernyng the order of battaile, the king passed out of the town of Calice in goodly array of battaile, and toke the field. And notwithstandyng that the forewarde and the rerewarde of the kinges great armye were before Tyrwin, as you have heard, yet the king of his owne battaile made three battailes after the fassion of the warre. The Lord Lisle, marshall of the hoste, was captain of the foreward, and under him three thousand men; Sir Rychard Carew, with three hundred men, was the right-hand wing to the foreward; and the Lord Darcy, with three hundred men, was wing on the left hande; the scowrers and foreryders of this battaile were the Northumberland men on light geldings. The Erle of Essex was lieutenaunt-generall of the speres, and Sir John Pechy was vice-governour of the horsemen. Before the king went viij. hundred Almaynes, all in a plump by themselves. After them came the standard with the red dragon, next the banner of our ladie, and next after the banner of the Trinitie: under the same were all the kinges housholde servauntes. Then went the banner of the armes of Englande, borne by Sir Henry Guilforde, under which banner was the king himselfe, with divers noblemen and others, to the number of three thousand men. The Duke of Buckyngham, with sixe hundred men, was on the kinges left hande, egall with the Almaynes; in like wise on the right hande was Sir Edward Pournynges, with other sixe hundred men egall with the Almaynes. The Lord of Burgoynie, with viij. hundred men, was wing on the right hande; Sir William Compton, with the retinue of the Bishop of Winchester, and Master Wolsey, the king's almoner,* to the number of viij. hundred, was in manner of a rereward. Sir Anthony Oughtred and Sir John Nevell, with the kinges speres that followed, were foure hundred; and so whole number of the carriages were xiij. hundreth; the leaders and dryvers of the same were xix. hundreth men; and all these were rekened in the battaile, but of good fightyng men there were not full ix. thousande. Thus in order of battayle the king rode to Sentreyla."

No. 3. PIKEMAN. (Aug. III., f. 9.)

A little after we have a description of the king's camp, which will illustrate the other pictures of this MS.:—

No. 4. ARQUEBUSIER. (Aug. III., f. 9.)

"Thursdaie, the fourth daye of August, the king, in good order of battaile, came before the city of Tyrwyn, and planted his siege in most warlike wise; his camp was environed with artillerie, as fawcons, serpentines, crakys hagbushes, and tryed harowes, spien trestyles, and other warlike defence for the savegard of the campe. The king for himselfe had a house of timber, with a chimney of iron; and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlye tents of blewe waterworke, gar-

* Afterwards Cardinal.

nished with yellow and white, and divers romes within the same for all officers necessarie. On the top of the pavilions stoode the kinges bestes, holding fanes as the lion, the dragon, the greyhound, the antelope, the Done Kowe. Within, all the lodginge was paynted full of the sunnes rising: the lodginge was a hundred xxv. foote in length."

At folio 5 of the MS. already referred to, is a connected arrangement of numerous tents, as if to form some such royal quarters. But at folio 8 are two gorgeous *suites* of tents, which can hardly have been constructed for any other than a very great personage. One *suite* is of red, watered with gold ornamentation; the other is of green and white stripes (or rather gores), with a gilded cresting along the ridge, and red and blue fringe at the eaves.

Our next engravings, Nos. 3 and 4, are from coloured drawings in the same MS., and respectively represent very clearly the half-armour worn by the pikeman and the arquebusier, and the weapons from which they took their name.

In the reign of Elizabeth and James I. armour was probably very little worn; but every country knight and esquire possessed a suit of armour, which usually hung in his hall over his chair of state, surrounded by corslets and iron hats, pikes and halberts, cross-bows and long-bows, wherewith to arm his serving-men and tenants, if civil troubles or foreign invasion should call the fighting-men of the country into the field. The knights and esquires of these times are also commonly represented in armour, kneeling at a prayer-desk, in their monumental effigies. The fashion of the armour differs from that of preceding reigns. The elaborate ingenuities of the latter part of the fifteenth century have been dispensed with, and the extravagant caprices also by which the armour of Henry VIII.'s time imitated in steel the fashion of the ordinary costume of the day, are equally abandoned; the armour is simply made to fit the breast, body, arms, and legs; the thighs being protected by a modification of the *tuilles* in the form of a succession of overlapping plates (*tassets* or *cuisses*) which reach from the corslet to the knee.

The civil war of the Great Rebellion offers a tempting theme, but we must limit ourselves to the notice that few, except great noblemen when acting as military leaders, ever wore anything like a complete suit of armour; a beautiful suit, inlaid with gold, which belonged to Charles I., is in the Tower armoury: but knights are still sometimes represented in armour in their monumental effigies. A breast and back-plate over a leather coat, and a round iron cap, were commonly worn both by cavalry and infantry.

In the time of Charles II. and James II., and William and Mary, officers still wore breastplates, and military leaders were sometimes painted in full armour, though it may be doubted whether they ever actually wore it. As late as the present century officers, in some regiments at least, wore a little steel gorget, rather as a distinction than a defence. But even yet our horse-guards remain with their breast and back-plates and helmets, and their thick leather boots, to show us how bright steel and scarlet, waving plumes and embroidered banners, trained chargers and gay trappings, give outward bravery and chivalric grace to the holiday aspect of the sanguinary trade of war.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE FOGGO.

The death of this painter occurred on the 26th of September, at the advanced age of seventy-six, having survived his elder brother, James, about nine years. Our obituary columns of 1860 contain a notice of the latter, which might almost stand as a record of the career of him whose decease we now chronicle; for the two brothers were so associated together in Art-work, that they cannot, and ought not, to be separated. In 1792 their father, whose political sentiments seemed to have inclined towards republicanism, migrated, with his family, to France, and settled in Paris. There the sons entered the *Académie*, under the instruction of Regnault, a painter of good reputation. About the year 1814 they returned to England to follow their profession, generally working on the same canvas, and that, in almost every case, a large one; for the Foggos, like Haydon, held to the opinion that good and true Art could only be practised on an extensive scale; but in both instances they were doomed to disappointment, so far as regards public appreciation. The principal pictures painted by them were 'Christian Inhabitants of Parga about to emigrate;' 'Christ confounding the Rulers of the Synagogue;' 'The Entombment'—now the altar-piece of the French Protestant church, St. Martin's-le-Grand; 'The Pool of Bethesda;' 'Nathan reproving David;' 'The Martyrdom of Anne Askew;' 'Napoleon signing the Death-warrant of the Duc d'Enghien;' and 'General Williams among the Inhabitants of Kars.' The two brothers were contributors to each of the cartoon exhibitions in Westminster Hall, in 1843, 1844, and 1845; but they failed to attract such attention from the judges as to secure any one of the prizes awarded on these occasions respectively. Their works were rarely seen at the Royal Academy; an institution which, if we remember rightly, was not in much favour with them.

In private life both brothers were held in high esteem for their general information, frank and kind manners, and genial society. They held somewhat advanced opinions upon many of the political and social questions of the day; and exerted themselves in various ways to obtain privileges for the people; for example, they founded the society for obtaining free access to the museums, public edifices, &c.: to this society George Foggo acted as secretary. In this public character they will, perhaps, be better remembered hereafter than as painters, though they undoubtedly possessed talents which, if less ostentatiously exercised, might have gained them distinction in the annals of British Art.

JOHN HORSBURGH.

This engraver died at Edinburgh, on the 25th of September, in his seventy-ninth year. He was a pupil, with John Burnet and James Stewart, of the late Robert Scott, a landscape-engraver and father of D. Scott and W. B. Scott, both Scottish painters of eminence. Mr. Horsburgh rose by his ability to a good position in his native country. His chief works are, a portrait of Mackay, the actor, in the character of 'Baillie Nichol Jarvie,' after Sir William Allan; two portraits of Sir Walter Scott, by Raeburn and Lawrence, respectively—the latter was engraved for the *Art-Journal* of 1858; Taylor's much disputed portrait of Burns, engraved for the Royal Scottish Association; 'Prince Charles reading a Despatch,' by Simson, for the Glasgow Art-Union; 'Italian Shepherd,' by Innes. Several of the plates in the volume of Turner's works, and Turner's vignettes to the illustrated edition of Sir Walter Scott's works, were also executed by Mr. Horsburgh. Personally, he was much beloved by his friends; and, as minister of the original Scottish Baptist Church, in Edinburgh, for thirty-seven years, he had earned great and universal respect.

PIERRE HÉBERT.

The French journals of the month of October announced the death of this eminent sculptor, at the age of sixty-four. He was born at Villabé, a little village not far distant from Paris. Son of a poor labourer, Hébert was employed in his early years as a sort of under-gardener in the Jardins des Plantes, Paris, where he acquired a taste for, and knowledge of, botany: had he pursued the study of that department of science, he would, no doubt, have distinguished himself in it; but necessity, coupled with an innate love of the Fine Arts, induced him to turn his attention to sculpture.

At the age of twenty-one he entered the studio of Jacquot, a pupil of Bosio, where he employed his days in modelling, and his evenings, long into the night, in working to support himself. In 1830 he contributed to the exhibition of the *Académie des Beaux Arts* a bronze group, representing a 'Child playing with a Tortoise,' which not very long ago was to be seen in the gallery of the Luxembourg.

Hébert's other principal works are, a statue, in bronze, of Olivier de Serres, a distinguished French agriculturalist, erected in his native town, Villeneuve-de-Berg; 'The River of Life,' in marble; memorial statues of Gasparin, erected at Orange; of Vanquelin, of Parmentier, of Boissy d'Anglas—the last placed at Annonay; and of Admiral Duperré,—his last work—erected very recently at La Rochelle, under the presidency of M. Rigault de Genouilly, French Minister of Marine. In 1849, Hébert obtained a medal of the third class; in 1853, one of the second class; and in 1855, the year of the first Paris International Exhibition, "honourable mention" was awarded to his three exhibited works,—the first three we have spoken of. He has left behind him two children: a son, Emile; and a daughter, Madame Léon Bertaux; both of whom are practising successfully the art learned in the *atélier* of their father.

LUIGI POLETTI.

The death of Signor Luigi Poletti, the celebrated Italian architect, occurred in Milan in September last; he had reached the seventy-seventh year of his age. His last work was the reconstruction of the church of St. Paul, in Rome, which the Pope is anxious to have completed in time for the opening of the Œcumenical Council. Poletti was a native of Modena, to which city he has bequeathed his entire property, valued, it is said, at about £16,000. The syndic of Modena, however, has been apprised that the executors will not part with the property until the place is in a position of independence, and that, in default of this—that is, the restoration of the old duchy of Modena—the bequest will be diverted to the city of Rome.

PICTURE GALLERIES OF ITALY.—Part XII. PARMA AND NAPLES.

CORREGGIO.

PARMA is the city where Correggio (1494—1534), the name given to Antonio Allegri, is seen in all his glory. Born at Correggio—whence his name—a small town in the Duchy of Modena, and of parents in comfortable circumstances, and not in the extreme poverty which Vasari describes them to have been, but little is known of his early career: the works of Leonardo da Vinci and his school appear, however, to have exercised great influence over him. At an early age he painted some fine altar-pieces for his native town, and before he had reached his twenty-fifth year, he had settled in Parma, a master of established reputation. He was probably induced to go there by an invitation he received, about the year 1518, from the abbess of the convent of St. Paolo, to decorate an apartment, now called the "Chamber of Correggio," in the edifice: the subjects are mythological, and have always been considered fine examples of Correggio's graceful and attractive manner. In 1520 he was engaged to ornament the cupola of the church of S. Giovanni, which afforded him the opportunity of attempting a grander style; the subject of this work is the 'Ascension of Christ:' the Saviour is suspended in the air, seated below him on clouds are the twelve Apostles, and the four pendentives are the four Evangelists and four Fathers of the Church. The figures in this composition are remarkable for their admirable fore-shortening. Greater, and in every way more remarkable works, are the large frescoes in the cupola of the cathedral of Parma, executed by him between the years 1526 and 1530. Mr. Wornum, in his "Epochs of Painting," says, Correggio did "not complete the dome, which was finished by his scholar, Georgio Gandini. The subject of the painting is the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' and in the four lunettes on the piers of the dome appear the patron saints of the city—John the Baptist, S. Ilario, S. Tommaso, and S. Bernardo degli Uberti, seated on clouds, and accompanied by angels. The whole forms one great host of saints and angels, all illumined from the central glory in the summit; and the light has a wonderful effect upon the saints and apostles below."

Parma has not what is usually termed a national picture-gallery: the only collection bearing any affinity to such an institution is in the *Académie Ducale*, or School of the Fine Arts. The number of paintings is not large, but includes several fine works by Correggio, foremost among which is the 'Sr. Jerome,' of which we introduce an engraving on the next page. It was painted, in the artist's best time, for the widow of a Parmesan gentleman, Orazio Bergonzi; the lady stipulating to pay him, as the story is told, eighty gold crowns for the work. Correggio spent six months in her house painting it. When completed, the signora was so delighted with her acquisition, that she presented the artist, as an addition *honorarium*, with two cart-loads of firewood, a quantity of wheat, and a pig! It is said that the King of Portugal, in 1549, offered the incredible sum of 460,000 francs for it, equivalent to £18,400 in current money of the present time. The 'St. Jerome,' or, as it is called in Italy, 'The Day,' in opposition to 'The Notte,'—representing the Adoration of the Shepherds—in the gallery at Dresden, is one of Correggio's most celebrated pictures. The Virgin holding in her arms the Infant Jesus is in the centre of the composition; on the left is St. Jerome, a figure of strong muscular development, holding an open book before the holy child, to which its attention is directed by an angel whose face is extremely beautiful. On the right is Mary Magdalen, who kisses the feet of the Infant Saviour; behind her is an angel holding a small vase. The picture is remarkable for the pure daylight diffused over the scene—hence the title of 'The Day' given to it; but it also shows in the attitudes of the figures a degree of affectation not unusual with Correggio. A Madonna and Child, taken from the frescoes in the church of S. Maria della Scala, is a most fascinating picture. The Virgin holds the Infant in her lap, and regards him with extreme

tenderness: he, with a sweet smiling expression on his countenance, clasps her round the neck, and looks towards the spectator. The group is perfectly naturalistic, yet majestic and tender. Other works by this most graceful and admired painter in the possession of the *Académie* are 'The Deposition from the Cross'—simple and grand, the harmony of light and colour most beautiful; 'The Madonna della Scodella,' representing the Holy Family resting on their way into Egypt; 'The Martyrdom of San Placido and Sta. Flavia;' and 'Our Saviour bearing His Cross,' one of Correggio's earlier works.

Parmigiano (1504—1540), of whom we spoke briefly in the last chapter when introducing his portrait, is represented in the *Académie* by a 'Virgin and Infant Jesus, St. Jerome, and St. Bernard,' painted by him, it is said, when at the age of nineteen; a sketch, in *tempera*, of 'The Marriage of the Virgin;' a painting in oils of 'The Marriage of St. Catherine,' a work of considerable

ST. JEROME.
(*Correggio.*)

merit; and by a graceful study of female heads. He is seen to much greater advantage in some of the churches of Parma, as in the frescoes of the choir of Sta. Maria della Steccata, which he commenced but never completed. His seated figure of 'Moses breaking the Tables of the Law,' a portion of these paintings, has always attracted marked attention. It is a fine, massive figure, of the Michael Angelo type, with a long beard and head of hair wildly streaming in the wind: the "law-giver" holds the two tables high above his head in the act of throwing them violently and angrily to the ground. In the church of S. Giovanni, where he was commissioned to paint a chapel while Correggio was adorning the cupola, are two compositions, one representing Sta. Margaret, of Cortona, and Sta. Agatha, the other STA. CECILIA AND STA. LUCIA; the latter forms one of our engravings, and is introduced on the following page. The figures are elegantly grouped, and are characterised by much suavity of expression.

NAPLES, according to a recent French critic, M. Armengaud, owes its school of painting to Tommaso di Stefani, a cotemporary of Cimabue, and who is supposed to have lived between 1230 and 1310. We presume him to be the same artist referred to by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle as Thomaso degli Angeli. There is some little confusion of dates between M. Armengaud and the authors of the History of Painting in Italy, assuming the painter named by each to be the same man; for the former

STA. CECILIA AND STA. LUCIA.
(*Parmigiano.*)

says, he was called to Naples in 1325, to execute some frescoes in certain churches. However this may be, we hear but little of Neapolitan artists, till a century later, when Antonello, of Messina, who had travelled into Flanders, and learned there, from the followers of John Van Eyck, the art of oil-painting, was the means of introducing it into the southern cities of Italy.

Naples produced several painters during the fifteenth century, of whom the best known at the present time is Antonio Solario, commonly called Lo Zingaro (the gipsy); he was originally a blacksmith; and tradition assigns to him a love-story similar to that told of Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp: he is sometimes spoken of as the "Quentin Matsys of Naples."

Giovanni Francesco Penni (1488—1528), a native of Florence, one of Raffaelle's most distinguished scholars, and his chief assistant in the Vatican cartoons—he acquired the title of *Il Fattore di Raffaello*—passed the latter part of his life in Naples, where he died. We may call him the actual founder of the Neapolitan schools, which subsequently included in its professional roll Ribera, a Spaniard, Caravaggio, Luca Giordano, Salvator Rosa, Solimena, and some others less notable: the entire list, though extending into the eighteenth century, is not brilliant in names, yet these are numerous.

The National Museum of Naples, called the "Studj Gallery" and also "The Museo Borbonico," possesses, in paintings, sculptures, bronzes, and works of Art of all kinds, one of the most extensive collections in Italy. The pictures alone number about nine hundred; but though some are of the highest quality, by far the larger portion consists of indifferent examples, that serve only to illustrate the history of the inferior schools. Raffaelle has nine pictures attributed to him in the Museum: of these the principal are 'The Holy Family,' called the 'Madonna col Divino Amore;' it shows the Infant Jesus sitting on the Virgin's lap, and blessing the young John the Baptist, whose mother, Elizabeth, supports the arm of Jesus: under an open archway in the distance is Joseph. Some attribute this work to Giulio Romano. Another of Raffaelle's presumed pictures, the 'Madonna della Gatta,' Kugler unhesitatingly affirms to be executed by Romano after Raffaelle's 'The Pearl,' at Madrid; and certainly there is great similarity in the two groups, though a difference of treatment is distinctly apparent, especially in the background. A third, called 'Le Réveil de l'Enfant,' represents the Virgin with the Infant in her lap: he seems as if just awakened from sleep, and is looking up at his mother. The face of the Infant is good, the stretched-out limbs are finely modelled, and the action is altogether natural; but the attitude of Mary is stiff and formal, and her face is far from attractive. It may well be doubted whether any of these three works, with the exception, perhaps, of the first-mentioned, is by the hand of the great master.

A very favourite subject with Correggio was the mythical 'Marriage of St. Catherine:' the Museum contains one version, a

HELIODORUS DRIVEN OUT OF THE TEMPLE.
(*Solimena.*)

small picture, but elegant in treatment, and beautiful in colour. A fine copy, by Annibal Carracci (1560—1609), of his famous 'Coronation of the Virgin,' once the altar-piece in the church of St. Giovanni, in Parma, is also in the gallery. Of Carracci's own compositions there are a *replica* of his famous 'Dead Christ in the lap of the Virgin,' 'The Holy Family,' 'A Bacchante,' &c. Among the portraits, which are numerous, are several of a fine character, by Titian (1477—1576), who is also seen to great advantage in one bearing the title of 'A Magdalen.' But his most important work is one of the several nude female figures for which his pencil is so famous: here it is a 'Danae,' voluptuously reclining on a couch backed by a mass of drapery; at her feet stands a cupid, with outspread wings, in an attitude denoting surprise; above her is a cloud, from which descends the "golden shower" that classic writers tell us fell upon her. Domenichino (1581—1641) is specially represented by what Kugler calls "a beautiful and *naïve* picture," showing an angel defending a boy from the attack of Satan. 'The Holy Family,' by Sassoferrato (1605—1685), is treated in a naturalistic style. His picture is wholly domestic: Mary is represented at work with her needle, Joseph is at the carpenter's bench, and the youthful Christ is cleaning the room. It is painted with great care and attention to finish, but is somewhat feeble.

We pass out of the museum and find our way to the church of Gesù Nuovo, or Trinità Maggiore, to notice a subject by Francesco Solimena (1657—1747), almost the last painter of the Neapolitan school whose works are held in any repute. His pictures, by which he realised a very considerable fortune, abound in Naples and the adjoining country. He painted both sacred and secular subjects. Over the principal door of the church just mentioned is his large fresco, 'HELIODORUS DRIVEN OUT OF THE TEMPLE,' engraved on this page. In this work he seems to have attempted to rival Raffaelle's great picture of the same incident, but no comparison can be instituted between the two compositions. That of Solimena has the merit of boldness of design, and of much spirit in the action of the figures,—qualities that characterise most of his works, for he had a facile pencil,—while the arrangement of the *chiar'-oscuro* is effective; but the disposition of the *dramatis personæ* is somewhat formal, and the whole is more scenic and ornamental than dignified.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE BELGIAN ARTIST,

ANTOINE JOSEPH WIERTZ:

TOGETHER WITH A VISIT TO HIS STUDIO,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"AN ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH."*

"La critique en matière de peinture, est-elle possible?"
WIERTZ.

Now let us enter the studio. We first pass into a small ante-room, where sit the *concièrge* and his wife, chatting with a friend. Here names are written in the visitors' book; catalogues and photographs are purchased; sticks and umbrellas are given up. We look around us, and in a glance take cognizance of various objects;—of a handsomely carved oaken-press, with glass doors, that runs along one side of the room, and behind the glazed front of which are carefully arranged paint-stained easels and palettes and brushes, once used by the deceased painter, together with other relics—the early effort in wood-engraving, 'The Cossack on Horseback,' and 'The Virgin, designed in a grand Style,' &c. We notice also heavy oaken carved tables which support a heap of well-filled portfolios, covered over by a green cloth to shield them from dust. We notice, framed in simple black wooden frames, and hanging round the room, numerous cartoons and smaller sketches, executed in charcoal upon white paper. One of the black-framed drawings is a portrait of Wiertz himself. He is represented as sitting with his arms folded, his face is seen in profile, as if reading the motto inscribed beside him, "*La critique en matière de peinture, est-elle possible?*" The face somewhat handsome, but the whole theatrical in character, especially the dress and the *pose* of the figure. The style of the head refined, with small regular features, high pale forehead, dark hair parted above the brow, and falling in masses about the face, small moustache, and pointed beard,—evidently a man self-conscious, and loving to manifest his individuality very decidedly.

We enter the studio through a narrow doorway. It is a long and lofty hall, lighted from above. The walls are white, as if simply white-washed. Seats are arranged at regular intervals down the centre of the studio. Here and there are groups of sculpture in plaster. The further end of the hall has its corners cut off by low, white screens. We look around and above. It is as though we beheld, photographed upon the canvas, the visions said to have been seen by Wiertz in his hour of death. Combat unceasing, struggle for life and death, ghastly, awful spectacles of woe and of suffering, masses of figures blended together, dead or dying; flight and perplexity; together with forms of mighty genii of sorrowful and pitiful countenances, with hands bringing comfort and blessing to perishing worlds—and all floating, ascending, descending, in bewildering multitudes. This is the upper tier of colossal pictures,—pictures for the most part sombre in colouring and powerful in design.

Lower down, a second tier of paintings. These, many of them, if not all, *en peinture mate*, richer in colour, and mostly episodes out of the earth-life, and modern-life, and frequently very humble life, but none the less tragic—it may even be all the more tragic. Here and there a bit of whimsical drollery—here and there a bit of weird witchcraft, or magic—here and there, but very rarely, a little, very little bit of sunshine and of peace, of rich, bright landscape and peaceful idyllic life. The impression made upon the mind is, firstly,—surprise; secondly,—the conviction that Wiertz was a man possessed of no ordinary powers of imagination, of no ordinary powers of execution. At a glance, the eye separated these works into two distinct classes, as regarded their mode of execution. There were the pictures in oil-colours; the pictures *en peinture mate*. Those in oil striking an English eye as being peculiarly dark and brown in colour, and peculiarly smooth of surface; the pictures *en peinture mate* the reverse of the above.

* Continued from p. 351.

Observing yet more narrowly, one's eye gradually classified the subjects into, at least, four groups. 1. Classic and antique subjects, (in which class subjects from Homer predominate). 2. Scriptural, Christian, and Symbolic. 3. Romantic and modern, strongly dramatic and occasionally satirical in character. 4. Weird and comic, separate and combined.

Under the head "Scriptural," come, firstly,—such subjects as the 'Flight into Egypt,' 'The Education of the Virgin,' 'Sleep of the Infant Jesus,' 'Descent of the Rebel Angels,' &c., pictures wanting in originality, and rather transcripts of old forms, than fresh outpourings of the man's own genius. Then come certain pictures "Scriptural" in subject, but in which the symbolic element begins to burn with a new life, like flame wherein the ancient Phœnix of conventional treatment is consumed, while the new Art-Phœnix of poetic thought and allegory is re-created. As an instance of this, take 'The Beacon of Golgotha.' Here is an 'Elevation of the Cross,' in which Despotism is represented under the form of a centurion. Whip in hand, Despotism scourges a group of slaves, who are raising the heavy cross with its holy burden hanging upon it, the pale and spiritual Saviour, from whom a glory of white radiance—the Light of Truth which maketh all men free—pours forth from behind a surging mass of demons, who, like a cloud, encircle the cross, and who strive, together with their prince, Satan, to prevent the elevation of this glory of salvation. Similar in character is a picture entitled 'The Triumph of Christ,' in which the crucified Saviour is seen surrounded by an army of archangels, who put to flight "The Prince of this world, and his hosts." Both the pictures are painted in oil, and are of colossal size.

As examples of the purely symbolic class, the picture called 'The Last Cannon,' and another called 'The Present regarded by the Men of the Future,' may be taken as examples. These pictures are both of them *en peinture mate*. Imagine a vast foreground, representing a battle-field, stretching away, far as the eye can reach, grey in the twilight of coming dawn. Here is a prostrate crowd of men and horses, dead and dying, of cannon and broken swords, torn banners and mangled agony. Above the twilight rises a glory as of a great aurora, and through it dawn forth the colossal forms of beneficent genii. Here foremost, is a large, round-armed, calm-browed, gold and purple-clad spirit, bearing aloft a cannon, which she rends asunder with ease as great as that with which a child breaks in twain a last year's dead hemlock-stalk. This is the genius of Civilisation destroying the Last Cannon. Behind her, side by side, rise other beneficent forms, male and female, Titans of the New Age—Wisdom, Science, Labour, Industry, Agriculture—with brows wreathed with the olive, the vine, and the corn of an ampler world, and with large hands bearing abundant blessings for the dawning age of the New Humanity. 'The Things of the Past regarded by the Men of the Future,' are thus represented: small things resembling the toys of a Liliputian infant are held in the palm of a mighty hand, over which, smiling through parting clouds, are seen three radiant bent faces, of a man, of a woman, and of a child. With surprise, and yet mingled pity and amusement, they contemplate these small curiosities, which are a cannon, a crown, a sceptre, and an arch of triumph; to the Titans of a future age, the artist would tell us, that the ambitions of kings and conquerors will necessarily appear as the silly games of children, only with one great difference—namely, that they will not have been harmless games.

It is in the subjects that we classify as modern, and in each of which some latent philosophic or philanthropic idea is contained, that the peculiar powers of Wiertz make themselves most strikingly recognised.

As examples of this class of works we would refer to 'The Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century,' 'The Genius of War,' 'A Blow from the Hand of a Belgian Woman,' and 'The Orphans,' all *en peinture mate*, crisp and vigorous in handling and rich in colour. Here is an open window of some handsome modern home in a Belgian town, the lattice shutters folded back, the sash flung wide open. Within the gloom of the chamber, you discern heads of two French soldiers—you recognise their nation by the unmistakable red and blue uniform. With levelled muskets, presented bayonets, and cruel, jeering faces, they chase, like some terrified gentle animal, a beautiful, young, frantic mother, who in her white night-dress, scarcely whiter than her scared, maddened countenance, with her masses of dishevelled black hair flying far behind her, her new-born infant in her arms wrapt in a little blanket, is driven to the window, and is on the point of hurling herself and her child downwards to destruction. One knee is placed on the sill—she sways forward. Into the arms of death she rushes now, as into her sole city of refuge. Thus does Wiertz depict the 'Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century.'

'The Genius of War' is typified by a figure of Napoleon Buonaparte represented as in hell. There stands the well-known figure in its white coat, with the cocked-hat drawn down over the brows; arms folded tightly on the breast; keen profile sharply set, and bent downwards; lips compressed with dire unutterable pain; the countenance livid as that of a corpse, but animated by an undying consciousness. Round him, proceeding forth from his very vitals, are thin, curling, lurid or livid flames; here and there is a nimbus formed by his fiery suffering. Encircling him, and pressing upon him in his outward impassiveness, is an infuriated, lamenting crowd, —desolated widows and orphans, and parents bereaved of their children, bearing in their hands the reeking members of their beloved murdered ones; phantoms cursing him to his face and proffering to him to drink a streaming cup of blood.

'The Blow given by the Hand of a Belgian Woman,' is thus represented. A Rubenesque Lady—a figure typical, possibly, of Belgium herself—half-naked, white with terror, flies from the fierce grasp of a French soldier, whose rude hand has torn her rich garments from around her fair shoulders. In desperate despair she fires a pistol into the face of her pursuer, shattering it into an indistinguishable mass of agony and horror. These pictures are hideous spectacles—but indeed are they more frightful or revolting than the terrible thing, war, which the artist, through them, has sought to depict?

In "the Orphans," we are introduced to Belgian life under less heroic circumstance. We behold the interior of a Belgian cottage. A rude coffin is being removed by a comfortable-looking rustic fellow in his shirt-sleeves, with a shining bald crown, and jolly sun-burnt cheeks; and by his thinner companion, blue-bloused, gold ear-ringed, and shod with wooden shoes. The wife—or rather widow newly made, still young,—leans, in the gloom of the cottage, weeping, against the wall; her eldest daughter seeking to console her, but in vain; while the younger children, utterly unconscious of the nature of death, wild and full of strong health in their robust young limbs, with faces flaming with indignation against those strangers come to steal away that which they fondly still call "Father," fly like a band of beautiful young furies, to attack with cries, blows, and kicks the men lifting up the coffin. It is a strange and passionate scene, a fight of pure unschooled, animal instinct, of ignorant *naturalism* against a fearful and drear natural law. This picture, artistically regarded, is one of the most remarkable of the works of Wiertz. The colouring is rich, the drawing powerful, and less mannered than usual; the countenances are individualised, and powerful in expression: the picture less resembles Rubens than nature. All these compositions to which reference has been made may be taken as examples of the class of works by this artist, spoken of as "modern and dramatic;" each one embodying a philosophic or philanthropic idea.

Kindred in subject, but very inferior in treatment, is a picture called 'The Burnt Child'—painted evidently at an earlier period. It is, doubtless, intended in a forcible manner to bring before the spectator the dangers incident

to the lives of the poor, who, having no attendants with whom to trust their children while absent on their daily avocations, may, and not unfrequently do—like this unhappy mother—return to the domestic hearth to find in flames the pride and joy of the home—the infant left asleep in its cradle! There is one little incident depicted in this painting—otherwise in itself revolting from its undisguised horror, and unbeautiful from an artistic point of view—and this is, that at the top of the basket, filled with purchases in the market, and dropped from her arm by the agonized mother as she rushes to the flaming cradle, is a cheap little child's-toy, a little windmill bought for the now dead child by the poor woman in the neighbouring town, whither she had been to sell her eggs and butter.

There are hanging on the studio-walls, we have said, here and there subjects of a less tragic character. A young girl passing through a garden, and attracted by the beauty of a rose-bush, over which she leans admiringly, all unconscious that a wicked little Cupid, concealed amidst the odorous branches, aims at her breast his cruel arrow; a group of naked children playing at war around a cannon; a pair of Arcadian lovers, seated within a glowing landscape, and clasped in each other's arms, and bearing the title, "More Philosophic than it seems." These brighter subjects are, however, "few and far between," and in artistic excellence are unquestionably inferior to the graver subjects; terror, strength, and pathos, rather than beauty and peace, characterizing the genius of this strange painter. Here and there grim humour and drollery break forth from the artist's brain and hand. It must be confessed, also, that there is a certain tendency in him to a treatment of the nude, in such combinations as to suggest at times, that the trail of the serpent had passed through the garden of Eden of the painter, and somewhat soiled its spirit of innocence.

This tendency towards the grotesque, and towards the voluptuous, is especially to be remarked in certain designs, here and there painted as "*des surprises*," upon the walls in corners hidden by the screens already referred to, and behind the screens themselves; childish attempts at deception utterly unworthy of the genius of a great artist; yet, the history of this eccentric man known, felt to be in harmony with his life. Here is painted a chained dog intended to alarm you by a fierce attack, as you unexpectedly come upon him. Here again, high up on the wall, a window painted in which sits an old man wearing a cap, and fallen asleep while reading his newspaper, with the words painted upon the wall, "*adressez-vous au Concierge.*" Another open window, and two half-naked girls seen through it, one leaning out and smiling, while with a delicate white hand she proffers to the passer-by a red rose-bud. A half-opened door with another smiling syren dimly visible. A break in the wall represented, and through it the head and shoulders seen of a grim Calabrian brigand looking at you, and presenting his loaded carabine.

Of the origin of this last *petite surprise*, the following account is given in a letter from Rome:—"One evening I was walking at a short distance from the city walls. I contemplated the grand sun gilding the woods and mountains; the calmness which reigned around was only interrupted by the sweet song of the birds saluting the last rays of Phœbus. The silence of the scene, the flowers, and the soft verdure which spread beneath my feet, all invited me to taste the sweetness of repose, when suddenly I felt myself seized by the collar, and a voice of thunder cried to me 'Stop! Thy purse or thy life!' I turned round with precipitation, and beheld, with terror, the muzzle of a carabine directed against my breast. 'Stop!' I cried, 'I am no Englishman. I am a poor painter. I have never any money in my pocket, except for my models, and as you appear to me an excellent model of a ruffian, do me the pleasure to remain standing where you are for an instant, and my money will not be lost.' The brigand smiled and appeared to enjoy my proposal. I began to sketch, but I had scarcely commenced when the wretch flung himself with fury upon me; whereupon I returned him a terrible blow with my fist, and seized his weapon, which he sought to wrest from my hand. Three times we struggled together. I stumbled, he escaped. I threw myself once more upon him, seizing him by the middle of his body—when what was my surprise to find myself simply grasping the pillows of my bed! It was eight o'clock in the morning—I had slept well, and, as you see, dreamed equally well. I woke up much surprised, and determined to paint the portrait of this brigand." At Rome the first study of this phantom-brigand was made. Subsequently it was repainted on the studio-wall.

At the end of the long studio are the white screens already referred to, shutting off the corners of the room. Approaching them, in each screen you perceive a little glazed round peep-hole. Being curious, you place your eye close to the hole, and look in, and behold canvases so arranged as to effect of light, and shade, and position, as almost to appear a reality of some extraordinary, fantastic, or startlingly horrible scene. Through one peep-hole, you see a man buried alive, in the cholera-time, when coffin was hastily heaped upon coffin—who, suddenly having returned to consciousness, has burst open the lid of his prison, and having upset the superincumbent coffin, is struggling forth in agonized surprise out of his ghastly durance. The moral of this picture being, the necessity for greater care to be exercised in ascertaining before interment the certainty of the arrival of death. Through another peep-hole, you perceive, sitting in a miserable den of poverty, an insane infanticide, who, maddened by poverty, has just slain her little infant, and, like the woman during the siege of Jerusalem, is proceeding to cook the limbs in a hideous pot, simmering over a few poor embers, and then devour them. Through a third, you behold a young girl reclining upon her bed, reading romances. She has read throughout the night, entranced by their romantic and voluptuous descriptions, until now that the cold light of morning and reality dawns, she cannot release herself from the spell. It is still potent over mind and body, and amidst the curtains of her couch is, half concealed and half revealed, the presence of one whose influence has created those romances, and whom their perusal has drawn near;—one who holds the girl fixed beneath the fascination of his baneful glance;—one who, under the guise of a very handsome young man, is nevertheless Satan, as two satanic horns reveal—horns showing themselves amidst the thick curls of his abundant locks. The idea desired to be expressed by this picture, is one of moral truth; the treatment, however, in itself is somewhat satanic. Also in these corners are concealed, or revealed to the curious, certain other "quips and quirks," tricks of surprisal savouring a little too much of those of the showman.

As a specimen of the humorous style, unblended with terror, of Wiertz, we may describe a small picture hanging over the door of the studio. It illustrates the adventure of the old couple who, having three wishes granted them by a fairy, gain nothing through their desires; since the old wife inadvertently expressing a wish for a sausage, one immediately appears; then the old man indignantly wishing that the sausage might hang to her nose as a punishment for her folly, the sausage incontinently cleaves to the wife's face, when the third and final wish is exhausted through their mutual desire that the sausage may be removed. The picture represents a magnificently-attired fairy-princess, waving her wand above the heads of an old Italian peasant and his wife, who, in direst perplexity, stand over a frying-pan held by the old woman, while she is filled with consternation at discovering that a sausage hangs proboscis-like from her aged and wrinkled face; the husband meanwhile dancing in sheer terror and anxiety beside her at witnessing the catastrophe.

The pictures thus described form but a small portion of the exhibition of the Musée Wiertz; they may, however, be regarded as types of the whole.

Several small groups of sculpture in plaster and terra-cotta are placed about the studio; groups which it was the intention of Wiertz, at some future time, to have executed on a colossal scale. The most remarkable of these groups form a series which he calls the History of Humanity, illustrated by four epochs. The first, 'The Birth of the Passions;' the second, 'The Struggle;' the third, 'The Triumph of Light;' the fourth, 'Human Perfection.' The grandest of these groups is the third, 'The Triumph of Light,' in which the Spirit of Civilisation, a sublime and very strong, calm, female genius stands upon the world as conqueror of Brute Force—a Herculean figure lying prostrate at her feet; in one hand is the bloody glaive she has wrested from Brute Force; in her other, the burning torch of knowledge, with which she is on the point of illumining the world. The other statuettes represent 'Bathers,' an Amazon, a group entitled 'Fraternity,' in which a warrior embraces a tiller of the earth; and a hunter perishing in the deadly clasp of a serpent, and entitled 'The Repast of the Serpent.'

In the commencement of this notice, reference was made to the union, in the genius of Wiertz, of certain characteristics of three men noteworthy in the history of Art; that is to say, of Rubens, of William Blake, and of B. R. Haydon. In conclusion, we would sum up these points of resemblance, together also with the points of difference; since, by this means, to a person unacquainted with the pictures of Wiertz, a not very erroneous idea of his works may be obtained. We would say, therefore, that Wiertz possessed a power of drawing, and of grouping together great masses of figures in action; a power of boldly painting flesh and blood, of bone and sinew, in the true Rubenesque manner, not to say "mannerism," but that he falls far short of the great Flemish master in splendour and power of colouring, and in individuality of expression in his heads; although it must be admitted that his forms are uniformly more refined in colour and character than are those of Rubens.

It is more especially in the personal life and actions of Wiertz, in his eager unwearied strivings for the advancement of high Art in his native land, in his fierce and life-long combats with pen and pencil against all that he regarded as mean and evil, and in his enthusiastic devotion to his calling, that one is irresistibly reminded of Haydon. Indeed, the paintings of Wiertz in many of their highest qualities are such as Haydon himself imagined and aspired to execute, but unhappily failed to realize; firstly, owing to the affecting natural defect in his eyesight, which, in the contemplation of Haydon's career, should never be forgotten; and, secondly, owing to the less favourable circumstances under which the English artist laboured from having to work in a country where the love of "high Art" had to be created, instead of, as in Belgium, to be simply resuscitated.

Of those extraordinary designs "the inventions" of William Blake, one is continually reminded in the study of the works of Wiertz, not so much by their execution, by their mannerism or composition, as by a scarcely to be defined spirituality of conception and subject, and by a certain otherwise indescribable weirdness, as though they were the transcripts of veritable spiritual beings beheld by the eyes of the painter-seer, and which doubtless originates in the fact of the visionary temperament of Wiertz and of Blake being kindred. But the preponderance of spirituality lies with Blake—of artistic power of execution with Wiertz.

Blending with the characteristics of the three artists to whom we have compared him, Wiertz, nevertheless, possessed strong peculiarities both of sentiment and manner of treatment, which will ever stamp his works as unquestionably his own, and hand down his name to later generations as an artist of undeniable—although undisciplined genius—possessed of power and individuality of execution, and of deep philosophic thought.

He died in June, 1865.

THE WOLVERHAMPTON EXHIBITION.

"The South Staffordshire Industrial and Fine-Arts Exhibition" was closed on the 29th of October. The mayor presided at an imposing and effective ceremonial, supported by the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Wrottesley, the members for the borough, and several leading magistrates of the good town: South Kensington being represented by Mr. Cole and Mr. Wallis—the latter gentleman having, indeed, been actively engaged in superintending the exhibition, which is very largely indebted to Rupert Kettle, Esq., President, and W. N. Solly, Esq., Vice-President, of the Executive Committee; to the Secretary, Mr. Talbot, especially, and to other members of the committee, whose zeal and activity have led to very satisfactory results. In proof, the Report stated that it was estimated there would be a surplus, after paying all charges, of £1,200. The total number of persons who had visited the exhibition, since the 11th of May, was over 220,000, inclusive of more than 10,000 school children. The exhibition, both immediately and remotely, will prove greatly beneficial to the manufactures of Wolverhampton and South Staffordshire.

Although several gratifying speeches were made, we may content our readers with the following passage from that delivered by Henry Cole, Esq., C.B.:—

"The exhibition had proved a great commercial success, and had no doubt done a great deal of good; but what he looked to was, the solid result, which was the most conclusive proof of its success. The question that then presented itself was, as to how they should devote the surplus. He thought they could not do better than assist in purchasing the gardens and ground attached to the exhibition, and provide something like a natural-history museum for the people of Wolverhampton, which would afford both instruction and amusement. He referred at some length to the advantages which would result from a School of Art in Wolverhampton, and expressed his intention of recommending Earl de Grey to grant a sum of money in order to put the School of Art in a more flourishing condition."

The exhibition amply merited the success it has achieved. The adjoining grounds were charmingly laid out; the building was admirably suited to the purpose; and a large number of beautiful and valuable pictures and drawings was contributed by collectors resident in the neighbourhood; and although the objects of Art-industry were mainly representative of the manufactures of the district—the Midland Counties—the assemblage of such works supplied conclusive evidence of Art-progress. Here were several of the most perfect productions of Elkington; the art in iron of Skidmore of Coventry; the crystal glass of Webb of Stourbridge; some exquisite jewelry (a few of the best of old Wedgwood medallions being specially conspicuous) of Messrs. W. and J. Randel, of Birmingham; the good and solid Japan works of Messrs. Loveridge; the locks and keys of Mr. Chubb; a few examples of garden seats and stands, chiefly from Colebrookdale; and an admirable collection of electro-plate, contributed by Messrs. Grinsell and Bourne, of Birmingham. The arrangement of these, and numerous other objects, in graceful cases, with judicious admixture of textile fabrics, gave an air of cheerfulness, by no means without elegance, to the building: though small, it was thoroughly well filled. The exhibition cannot but have been agreeable and instructive to the people of Wolverhampton; and as its managers have shown how such gatherings can be made not only pleasant, but profitable, and as no doubt they will be ready and willing to explain the secret of their success, we trust the example will find imitators in other great towns of the manufacturing districts.

We echo the thanks of the assembly on the 29th of October, not alone as emanating from the prosperous town of Wolverhampton, but as expressing the feeling of all classes of the community who desire the progress of Art-manufacture and the education of the people.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

In the highly-important matters of architecture and engineering, the City of London, at the present time, both resembles and also exhibits a very decided contrast to the famous capital of France. But little remains here and there of old historical Paris amidst the splendid freshness of the Paris of to-day: and, in like manner, though not at all in the same degree, old London is passing away, and a new London is rising in its stead. With these general points of resemblance, however, the parallel between the existing condition of the English capital city and that of France ceases. It was a sound political policy which in Paris has swept away the excessively narrow lanes and their extravagantly lofty houses, and which has substituted for them, with their tortuous windings, such thoroughfares as the Boulevard de Sevastopol, and the radiating group of avenues that encompass the Arc de Triomphe. And a sound policy also was blended with a sentiment of consistent love of splendour, when it was resolved that the architecture of new Paris should be beautiful and dignified—in a word, when it was resolved to create a city, of which the characteristic attributes should be beauty and dignity. So in Paris there are spacious streets, and noble boulevards, and long lines of magnificent houses, all of them brought into existence for the sake of constituting by such means a real imperial city.

Not so with the renovation of London. It has not made a great advance in architectural nobleness purely for the sake of being noble. On the contrary, in London certain edifices had ceased to be sufficient for the purposes for which they were used, and in certain districts of the City the enormously-increased traffic had rendered new streets and new general arrangements imperatively necessary; and therefore reconstructed edifices arose in architectural pride before unknown, and new streets have been designed and produced with a corresponding excellence. Thus, London positively required new buildings, and consequently it has erected what at any rate have aspired to be fine buildings; whereas Paris was considered to require fine buildings, and accordingly it has erected new ones.

In London a great improvement is sure to be a work of time—that is, it is certain to have been needed long before its execution is contemplated; and equally certain to have been in contemplation long before it is actually taken in hand. When once the resolution has been formed, the plans matured, and the work commenced, then the Prefect of the Seine himself might be content to emulate what is done on the banks of the Thames without any project at all. It must be added, that this happy condition of progress in our own Metropolis invariably depends upon this one circumstance,—that Boards and Commissioners have nothing to do with it. If they have, all ordinary computations of time fail absolutely, and at least a double Haussman power is needed to force such obstinate obstructives into anything like a tolerable rapidity of movement.

The Corporation of the City of London—"the City," specially and distinctively so called—has taken quite as much time as might have been expected, to determine on the appointment of a committee who should report to the civic council what general improvements were most urgently needed, and which it would recommend for consideration.

The Improvement Committee has presented its Report; and an equally able, practical, and suggestive document it is, prepared by a man to whom the same epithets would be strictly applicable, Mr. William Haywood, in comparison with whom but very few architect-engineers can adduce even equal claims for ability and resources. This report, based entirely upon the exigencies of the traffic, deals with the whole subject in a manner thoroughly sound, and with a comprehensiveness which shows that before writing upon any one point Mr. Haywood had mastered the entire subject before him. It is not our purpose now to deal more fully either with the general subject of improvements of the City, or with Mr. Haywood's report. We are content to know that he has been required to report on these improvements, and that he has made his report in so admirable a manner. But, at the same time, we desire to select from these improvements two or three for some more detailed consideration.

In the first place, the Thames Embankment, which so far as it extends from the Temple to Blackfriars Bridge, is within the limits of the "City," is a work of which England, as well as London, justly may be proud. We waited long for it; but the embankment, now so happily advanced, was worth the delay. There is no finer work in Europe—no similar work, indeed, is in existence which can compare with it. One thing only connected with the Thames Embankment excites our anxious apprehension, and this is, that its real completion threatens to be indefinitely adjourned. We remember the interval between the hoisting Nelson to the top of his pillar in Trafalgar Square, and the appearance of Sir Edwin's four lions at the base of it; and we think of the statue of George IV. close by on one pedestal, while year after year the corresponding pedestal stands empty; and then we wonder whether within the reign of Victoria the destined groups of sculpture will overlook the ebb and flow of the Thames from their granite standing-places, and also whether the present generation will witness the "finishing touch," to whatever has to be done between the embankment-wall and the houses to the north of it. This noble embankment has its becoming place of honour in Mr. Haywood's report, as a great work of improvement in advanced progress.

With reference to the enormous and ever-increasing traffic of London Bridge—and it is the traffic, it must be remembered, which always is the key to the improvements that are realized, because they are needed in the city—Mr. Haywood asserts most positively that for this there is but one complete remedy, which remedy can be found only in the formation of a new bridge, with suitable approaches lower down the river than London Bridge itself. The proposal for widening the existing London Bridge, by giving the whole width of the roadway to vehicles, and throwing out footways on either side, Mr. Haywood, while admitting that it would be "physically practicable," considers useless, since it is upon the approaches to the bridge on either side that the obstruction mainly takes place, rather than upon the bridge itself; and he adds, the side-footways project could "only be carried out to the utter destruction of the architectural effect of one of the finest bridges in Europe." We can scarcely accept Mr. Haywood's views as to the injurious effect, in an artistic point of view, of iron footways projected from the masonry of the bridge; but his argument concerning the approaches disposes of the entire question.

From London Bridge to Blackfriars is an easy transition. This new bridge, of five beautiful segmental (not elliptical) arches, like the embankment which terminates at its north-western abutment, is one of the great metropolitan works of our era. It is of iron, with piers of granite. The architectural style is Gothic; and the style has been effectively applied under novel and somewhat difficult conditions. The piers are faced each one with a polished red granite shaft of massive proportions, having a richly-sculptured capital of Portland stone, upon which rests a kind of *abacus*, surrounded by sunk *quatrefoil* panels; these *abaci* really are open towards the roadway, and form projections from it, the parapets joining them and running from one to the other. The foliage, birds, fruit, &c., in these capitals and at the head of the massive abutments at either river-side, are sculptured with the utmost freedom and boldness; they are the work of Mr. Philip. The iron-work is simple to severity, but the effect is fine, being at once solid and light, evidently strong while inherently elegant. Some lofty crowning accessories, such as lamps, are required to the great granite pier-columns, to give them a completely satisfactory effect. The close proxi-

mity of this very fine new bridge to the massive railway-bridge of the Chatham and Dover Railway will prevent its being seen to any advantage on the eastern side. It is to be hoped that the unsatisfactory "bronze-green," which has lately been in use for iron-work, will not be adopted for this structure by the engineers, Messrs. Cubitt and Carr.

Closely associated with new Blackfriars Bridge, though in so many important particulars totally distinct from it, the Holborn Valley Viaduct is the other great City improvement that now attracts our attention. New Blackfriars Bridge must be considered simply to represent the old one, so far as the traffic is concerned, and consequently at this point no fresh accommodation is acquired by the substitution of a safe and beautiful new bridge for one that could aspire to neither safety nor beauty. But it is not thus with the Holborn Viaduct. This is a true London improvement—very long and very urgently needed, based altogether upon the exigencies of traffic, and being executed with masterly skill. The object has been to carry a nearly level viaduct over the deep dip at the eastern end of Holborn Hill, thus to form a noble new street in the line of Holborn eastwards, and with this new main thoroughfare to associate groups of streets, either quite new, or old ones infinitely improved. Of this magnificent viaduct Mr. Haywood himself is, at once the engineer and architect; and in either capacity, or rather in the twofold capacity of architect and engineer, in the happiest unity of both sentiment and action, Mr. Haywood, in the works of this viaduct, and in his plans of arrangements for all the associated street-improvements, has shown himself to be indeed a master of his art. For awhile, from various causes, in some particulars the system of new and improved streets must await completion until certain obstacles and difficulties shall have been overcome. But the main line of the viaduct and the streets to the north of it are rapidly advancing towards completion, and the whole constitutes a single grand improvement on the largest scale. As a matter of course, the science of the engineer has been exhausted in the working out the details of the designs. The most perfect, as it is the most ambitious, portion of the viaduct is the great bridge which crosses Farringdon Street obliquely. Constructed of iron, and the ironwork throughout of a far higher character of architectural richness than has been introduced into any other similar structure, this bridge of three arches is carried on twelve polished granite columns and as many abutment-piers; of these piers the four external ones are of granite, and the remainder of Portland stone. The capitals of these piers are of polished Aberdeen granite, with foliage in bronze; the bases are of Cornish granite unpolished, with polished base-mouldings of the black granite of Guernsey. Above two of the shafts, on each side, there rise elevated plinths and pedestals for four statues, which are so placed as to range with the parapets of the bridge. The statues, in bronze, eight feet high, represent Art, Science, Commerce, and Agriculture; they were cast by Elkington, after models by Farmer, Brindly, and Bursill. The rich iron scroll-work of the spandrels of the archways, and also various other parts of the composition, are adorned with the heraldic insignia of the City, the armorial ensigns of London being fully blazoned in bold relief on either side of the bridge at its centre; all this heraldry, which is admirably designed and modelled, is most unhappily spoiled by being painted throughout of the same far from agreeable yellowish-brown which covers a large proportion of the structural iron-work, heightened with gilding. As a matter of course, all the heraldry should have been painted and gilt in its proper tinctures, which would have produced an admirable effect. A bronze-green is the other colour used. It is far from being agreeable; and in its stead there ought to have been used a rich green with the dull red, purple-blue, and chocolate-brown. The lamp-posts upon the parapets are rich and effective; so also is whatever decorative metal-work is introduced elsewhere, and for other purposes. At either end of this bridge are two lofty structures of an elaborately ornate character, and in that hybrid architecture which may be comprehended under the elastic term of Italian. They are narrow and loftily, and within them are flights of steps leading up from the streets to the level of the viaduct: their higher stories are for offices. Close to each building is a statue, facing the viaduct: they represent Fitz Alwyn, the first Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Gresham, Sir William Walworth, and Sir Hugh Middelton.

Such is the Farringdon Street Viaduct-bridge. Of the underground wonders of this great enterprise we forbear to speak. But of what is visible above ground we may say, with strictest justice, that it would be an honour to any city; and we may add, that our Queen, when she opened this viaduct, could not fail to feel supremely proud of it.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IN THE SEPULCHRE.

M. Claxton, Painter. S. Smith, Engraver.

An artist who produces a picture of this character almost necessarily lays himself open to comparison with the works of the old Italian painters, who made such subjects their constant practice. This, however, is not our object; nor would it be right to institute such discussion in things that differ, though they may be said to be alike, without considering that the Sacred Art of the present day must, from the very circumstances in which we live, and the feelings which animate us, receive a complexion in many respects dissimilar to that recognisable in the pictures of a period when the Church seems to have been the leading idea of the majority of artists, and how they might best serve her interests, through those who employed them, their chief desire.

He is a bold man who, except under the influence of a direct "commission," would undertake such a subject as Mr. Marshall Claxton has accomplished in the picture here engraved. He deserves credit for the attempt, no less than for the manner in which he has carried out his work. The disposition of the figure of the dead Christ is so far novel, that we do not remember it treated in a similar way in any picture by an old master; that is, with the body in a half-recumbent posture, and the head resting on a raised block of stone, while *in the sepulchre*. The drawing, moreover, of the figure is good, and the anatomical expression well-developed; the arrangement of the drapery is simple, natural, and without heaviness. The sentiment of the two angels flying down to take their places as watchers by the tomb is poetical; one, as if in agony of grief at the fearful sight, appears to hide it from her. There is much elegance in the grouping of these figures. How far the introduction of the objects identified with the Crucifixion—the crown of thorns, the mock-sceptre of reeds, the sponge, and the nails—are admissible, so far as the scriptural narrative warrants, is doubtless questionable; but they form a kind of episode in the composition which is impressive as well as pictorially valuable.

Mr. Claxton's liberality has made the nation the possessor of this interesting work: he recently presented it to the Museum at South Kensington, where it forms one—and not the least attractive—of the ornaments of the Picture Gallery.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Amiens.—A series of twelve decorative figures have been recently executed by M. P. Maillot in the chapel of the *Sacré Cœur*, in the cathedral of this city; which has also been lately enriched by four similar figures painted by M. Steinheil. This chapel is a new erection, for which M. Viollet-le-Duc furnished the designs: it was built as a thank-offering for the removal of the cholera, which, in 1866, ravaged the city. The edifice is one of great splendour, and has had a large sum expended on its decorations of every kind.

Ballarat.—A Fine Arts Exhibition, in connection with the Mechanics' Institute, was opened, on the 21st of July, by the governor of the colony.

Brussels.—M. Gallait, the distinguished Belgian painter, has been promoted to the rank of grand officer of the Order of Leopold.

Lisbon.—We have received from this city a catalogue of the Royal Picture Gallery in the king's palace at Ajuda, which was inaugurated in October, 1868, and opened to the public in September of the present year. It contains above fifty paintings by modern artists of different countries, principally Portuguese; the list including one example of British Art, 'Guido and Beatrice Cenci,' by John Lewis Reilly, a name with which we are unacquainted. The old masters number nearly one hundred, the Italians claiming the largest share, though the schools of the Low Countries are fairly represented.

Munich.—The report—to which we made reference in our last number—that the King of Bavaria had become the possessor of M. Chenavard's large picture of the 'Divina Comœdia,' turns out to be incorrect. A correspondent of the *Moniteur des Beaux Arts* states that the artist made an offer of his work to the king, but that it had been declined.

Namur.—A statue of Leopold I., of Belgium, has been recently erected in this city. On the pedestal which supports it is this inscription:—"The grateful City of Namur to Leopold I." The words have reference to the constitution granted by the king to the people of Belgium.

Paris.—Two large mural paintings commenced, and to a considerable extent carried out, by the late Hippolyte Flandrin, have recently been finished by his brother, Paul, in the church of St. Germain-des-Prés: they respectively represent 'The Ascension of Our Lord' and 'The Prelude to the Last Judgment.' The church previously contained two paintings by H. Flandrin: 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' and 'Christ led to Crucifixion.'—Five coloured busts, the work of M. Cordier, have been added to the Anthropological gallery in the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes*. They represent respectively a female of Morocco, a young Kabyle, an Algerine, a Mulatto woman, and a female of the Greek Archipelago.

Simla.—The Exhibition of Fine Art was opened in the city, on the 24th of September, by the Viceroy and Governor-General in person: the Earl of Mayo was accompanied by the Countess. The exhibition was held in Auckland House, the Punjab girls' school, one of the finest and best situated in Simla, with a grand view of the Himalayas. More than three hundred pictures, in oils and in water-colours, were contributed; and Sir Henry Durand, Vice-President of the Art-union, a society to which it seems the exhibition owes its origin, said, in addressing Lord Mayo, that in point of number, and beauty of design and execution, the collection is far superior to that of last year, and the judges found considerable difficulty in coming to a decision as to whom the prizes of the society should be given. After due consideration the following awards, among others, were made:—the gold medal to Col. G. R. Brown, for a painting in oil; three silver medals for oil-pictures to Dr. De Fabeck, of Jeypore; and a silver medal to Major Fane. The first medal was awarded to a lady who preferred to remain anonymous: it was for a water-colour drawing. The lady-contributors were numerous, and their works by no means the least important in the collection.

M. CLAXTON. PINXT

S. SMITH. SCULPT

IN THE SEPULCHRE.

FROM A PICTURE PRESENTED BY THE ARTIST TO THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

LONDON. VIRTUE & Co

BRITISH
17 FE 70
MUSEUM

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

THE THIRD WINTER EXHIBITION.

The multiplication of exhibitions seems to tend, as indeed might have been expected, to the deterioration of Art, if not of the artist himself. It is notoriously more easy to gain quantity than quality. Just, indeed, as painters are stimulated to production, just as facility is offered for the ready reception of whatever may come from the easel, will the artist be likely to fall into carelessness and err from over-confidence. Whatever be the cause, the fact, we think, is undeniable, that, with the exception of the Royal Academy, every exhibition in London is lowering its standards. And yet we can see that the committee of the Dudley have made an effort to render their collection select rather than indiscriminate. Thus this third exhibition numbers 77 fewer works than the first and 129 less than the second; yet, notwithstanding, the average excellence is lower. This falling away in merit may be better understood by a comparison of the exhibitors present in successive years. Thus among the artists who gave importance to the first experiment in 1867, we have to rank the following as absentees:—P. H. Calderon, R.A.; A. Elmore, R.A.; John Burr; T. Creswick, R.A.; James Danby; H. S. Marks; W. H. Mason; E. J. Poynter; Val Prinsep; and Frederick P. Smallfield. Some of these artists are doubtless reserving their strength for the Academy, which is now more than ever likely to draw the chief talent of the country to itself. We would not, however, convey the idea that the Dudley gallery is deserted or denuded. On the contrary, the visitor will at once recognise valuable contributions from G. F. Watts, R.A.; G. D. Leslie, A.R.A.; W. F. Yeames, A.R.A.; S. Solomon, A. B. Donaldson, and F. Talfourd. Altogether we once more acknowledge that the Dudley gallery does good service, though by common consent this winter exhibition of oils is, and always has been, inferior to the spring gathering of water-colour pictures.

The style of Mr. Watts is sufficiently pronounced to be recognised at a glance, and his two contributions, 'Ariadne,' and 'The Island of Cos,' display the artist's well-known merits and defects. The execution is signally slight, sketchy, and suggestive; it shows impatience of finish, and stops short of the completeness needed for the full expression of the conception. And yet these defects are, in some measure, intentional; the artist's standards and aims are not those of the present day, and he seeks not so much to realise nature as to approach, though but at a distance, the old masters. To say that the 'Ariadne' is worthy of Titian would be to go too far; still no one can fail to recognise in the work a certain Titianesque colour, largeness of manner, and bold mastery of pencil. This attempted revival of the Venetian manner is timely and salutary; and the influence of such works by Mr. Watts, as well as of the principles he inculcates, is known to be great and elevating, especially among the younger members of the profession.

The school of St. John's Wood, as it is sometimes called, has usually made itself a strong-hold in Piccadilly; this year, however, its presence is scarcely so much felt as heretofore. Neither Mr. Armitage, Mr. Marks, nor Mr. Calderon are seen upon the walls. Mr. Armitage indeed, has, during the past summer-months, found sufficient occupation on his great mural painting in University Hall—the memorial to the late Crabb Robinson. However, the school of St. John's Wood keeps itself in the remembrance of the public by characteristic contributions of Mr. Leslie, Mr. Storey, Mr. Yeames, and others. We have seldom indeed seen from the pencil of Mr. Leslie so exquisite a figure as that which answers to the stanza:—

> "——She paused and counted,
> Whilst the church clock struck
> In measured numbers the appointed hour."

The lady awaits her lover, poised on tiptoe of expectation: never was figure more graceful, or sentiment more tender or refined. The artist, as usual, is particularly happy in his silvery greys, in the delicate modulation of his greens, and in the tone of quietude suffused over the entire scene. His forms, indeed, want sharpness of articulation, and his details are suggested rather than defined: thus if sentiment be gained, he allows all else to take its chance. The charm of Mr. Leslie's works lies in a colour and a tone peculiar to himself, but his style already settles down into mannerism. Mr. Storey is the artist who approaches most nearly to Mr. Leslie: thus, in a charming composition, 'Children Fishing,' we recognise much of the same quietism in mood, refinement in manner, and general treatment of tone, especially in greys, and neutral greens, lit up by sparkles of positive colour. But in Mr. Storey, as in Mr. Leslie, we might desire greater care in execution, the high lights in the draperies are laid on coarsely, and there is, at least in subordinate passages, little or no definition of form, no sufficient effort to make each touch of the pencil express modulation of surface. Our artists, indeed, are too apt to consider that drawing is not needed, save in outlines, whereas the modelling of each internal surface involves problems of foreshortening and perspective as important and often far more difficult than the precise delineation of the outlying contour. It is hard, however, to praise too highly Mr. Storey's drawing and modelling of faces, and whenever he studies form well he gains intelligent expression. Mr. Yeames exhibits a smooth, careful, cleanly painted head, 'My Pet,' which shows the literal manner of a portrait. The artist does not possess the gift of imagination, but even the greatest painters have had to acknowledge that they owed more to labour than to genius. This figure escapes ordinary routine by the management of the background: grey in the dress is made to contrast with deep green leaves, which recall backgrounds of the old masters. It is a good sign when an artist knows how to adapt the practice of well-established schools to the immediate exigences of the picture in hand.

Mr. Field Talfourd has achieved an unlooked-for success. 'Water Lilies—on the Tiber' is a work that proves how much latent talent has lain in this artist. The figures of the little fellows sporting in the muddy, not "golden," waters of the Tiber are well drawn, and very charming in movement. The colour strikes us as somewhat opaque and monotonous, notwithstanding the warm flush of an Italian sunset in the sky. A picture on the same wall, 'Waifs of Society,' by C. W. Nicholls, is chiefly remarkable for the perfection with which a playbill is painted. Thereon may be easily deciphered "Prince of Wales' Royal Theatre," "Miss Marie Wilton," "A Winning Hazard," "School," &c. But it strikes us that this is a trivial kind of Art. The original playbill might have been bought for twopence, while the poor houseless girl, who serves to bear out the title, 'Waifs of Society,' is but indifferently painted. Of *genre* pictures, more or less to be commended, the gallery contains about the usual supply. 'A Rainy Sunday—Brittany,' by G. H. Boughton, has the character, texture, colour, and originality of treatment common to this painter. Briton Rivière is another artist who takes a distinctive position, and makes a mark wherever he is seen. 'A Train-bearer' illustrates his more comic mood. This 'train-bearer' is a little dog who, holding in his mouth a lengthy dress, apes the consequence and conceit of the mistress whom he follows. 'The Empty Chair' is an interior capital for tone, keeping, realism. This artist has ever something worth saying, and his ideas he puts with point. Eyre Crowe too always paints with a purpose, but the characters around 'The Village Fountain' are, as often with this artist, overdone; thus in this picture water cannot be drawn from a pump except with a solemn intensity worthy of tragedy. Mr. Crowe's small picture, 'Returning from Church,' is one of his very best products: the artist—while here, as ever, clever—does not overstep the simplicity of nature. Mr. Licael Smythe is more singular than successful in the choice and treatment of his subject, 'A Thick Night off the Goodwins.' The dark cabin of the vessel he lights and colours strongly; this striking effect is gained easily by somewhat coarse execution. The rude naturalism of the picture cannot find stronger contrast than in the artificial and highly-polished contribution of G. Koberwein, 'The Old Music-Room:' each work, in opposite ways, is equally objectionable. Mr. Koberwein is smooth and waxy: we are glad to think the style, though the result of skill and training, is wholly foreign to our English school. Two ladies deserve a word of recognition: 'The Old Path,' by Miss Alyce Thornycroft, is a work of promise; 'Wandering Thoughts,' by Miss Starr, has the power of a master-hand, but is somewhat black, and, in execution, stops short of completeness. We note a capital little study, 'Blowing Bubbles,' by J. A. Vinter. We may also mention 'Devouring a Favourite Author,' a work, by Charles Goldie, which attracts, as it deserves, attention. 'The Cup that Cheers' may be named as a composition which, by incident, character, and finish, attains the qualities most prized in *genre*; yet Mr. Kilburne, the painter of this popular picture, does not prove as much at home in oils as in water-colours—an observation which applies to other exhibitors here. The Dudley Gallery, indeed, as we have said, is never so strong in winter as in spring, when its rooms are set apart exclusively to water-colour drawings.

Yet does this winter exhibition usually make itself remarkable for a class of works seldom seen in equal force elsewhere. In the present season, for example, there are pictures by Simeon Solomon, A. B. Donaldson, Claude Calthrop, T. Armstrong, G. Chapman, and others, which it is needful everyone should see who would understand the existing and more abnormal phases of our English school. Mr. Solomon exhibits a characteristic specimen of his latest manner, 'The Bride, the Bridegroom, and Friend of the Bridegroom'—eminently mystic and unintelligible, yet almost Eastern in the harmony of its colouring, and essentially classic in its type of beauty. The figures, however, want strength, and the sentiment is tinctured by affectation. Mr. Donaldson's colour too is unsurpassed for harmony and intensity, and each successive work he exhibits shows greater skill in modulation and manipulation. 'The Month of May'—spring flowers brought to the altar of the Virgin—is a work eminently artistic; and it seems to us that the painter is in a fair way of correcting the errors in drawing and execution which have told greatly to the prejudice of his earlier works. Mr. Claude Calthrop is given to poetry though he does not escape commonplace. He is at the pains to append stanzas to a couple of pictures which most people will pronounce conventional, pretty, and far from nature. The artist is distinguished by talents which should lead him to despise the easy, effective tricks of charlatans. We may mention certain productions of Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Chapman as ultra examples of that school which seeks distinction in subjects singular, in figures ungainly, and in general treatment which, while it may possess attractions for the select few, has paramount power of repulsion for the many.

We wish space were at our disposal adequate to the merits of the landscapes exhibited, though perhaps most outrageous works might demand widest limits. To be brief then, let us simply enumerate some few works. Mr. Oakes, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Henry Moore, we may pass by, because we have seen them better. Mr. Harry Goodwin and Mr. Albert Goodwin, also Mr. Ditchfield, are artists too far from accustomed standards to be discussed or disposed of within a line. We may, however, venture to observe that their latest achievements in no material degree alter the dubious position which they have hitherto held. The talent of these artists, however, deserves, as it obtains, recognition, though scarcely perhaps beyond these walls. The public will do well to observe studies by J. S. Raven, C. N. Hemy, C. P. Knight, E. C. Sterling, and R. C. Leslie, as severally more or less true, simple, earnest. Altogether we could ill afford to lose this general and all inclusive gallery, though it evidently sustains with difficulty the standard required for a first position.

THE

STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PEOPLE.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

HEMANS.

BY S. C. HALL, F.S.A.

THE ANTIQUARIAN NOTES AND DETAILS BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

No. IX.—MELBOURNE HALL.

MELBOURNE HALL, which we have this month chosen as one of our series, is interesting from its curious and unique gardens rather than from the house; but it possesses in its historical associations, and its connection with famous families, a larger share of importance than falls to the lot of many more pretentious places. It is to the history of the "Home," and its charming and curious grounds (which are liberally and wisely opened to the public on certain days in the week) that we purpose to direct attention.

Melbourne itself—from which the title of Viscount Melbourne is derived, as well as the thriving city of Melbourne, in our far-distant dominion of Australia, takes its name—is a small manufacturing and market town in Derbyshire, being situated on the border of Leicestershire, in the valley of the Trent. It is only eight miles from Derby, from which place it is conveniently reached by a branch railway. It is, therefore, now, since the opening of this line of railway, of easy access from that great centre of railway traffic. The town contains some goodly manufactories of silk and Lisle-thread gloves, figured lace, &c., for which it is much noted; and it is also well known for its productive gardens and nurseries. It is but seven miles from famous Ashby-de-la-Zouch: the splendid ruins of the grand old castle of the Zouches are among the most beautiful and picturesque in the kingdom—Kenilworth scarcely excepted. It is within some three miles of Calke Abbey, the elegant seat of Sir John Harpur Crewe; and not much farther from Donnington Park, the seat of the late Marquis of Hastings; and Staunton Harold, the charming residence of Earl Ferrers. Indeed, the whole district, turn in whatever direction we may, is full of interesting and beautiful places.

Melbourne was from very early times a royal manor, and was granted by King John to Hugh Beauchamp, but within a short period it again reverted to the Crown. By Henry III. it was, in 1229, granted to Philip de Marc, from whom it again passed into the sovereign's hands. The manor and castle were afterwards held by Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, brother to Edward I., and passed to his son, Thomas, by whom they were conveyed to King Edward II., who granted them to Robert de Holland. This person was summoned to parliament as a baron, but having joined in the insurrection, he surrendered himself at Derby, and was ultimately beheaded for high treason, and his estates were confiscated. They were then held by Henry, Earl of Lancaster, who had a grant of a market, &c.; and they continued attached to the Earldom and Duchy of Lancaster until 1604, when they were given by King James to the Earl of Nottingham, who soon afterwards conveyed them to the Earl of Huntingdon, from whom they passed to the Marquis of Hastings.

In the reign of Henry V. the country around the royal manor and castle of Melbourne sent many warriors to the battle of Agincourt; and although it may be a question whether the hills in the neighbourhood, which are called "Derby Hills" to this day, or those in the Peak, at the north end of the county, are intended in the ballad,—

"Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby Hills that are so free;
No marry'd man or widow's son:
For no widow's curse shall go with me.

"They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby Hills that are so free;
No marry'd man or widow's son:
Yet there was a jovial bold company,"—

certain it is that Derbyshire men were among the most valiant in that battle, and that John, Duke de Bourbon, who was taken prisoner, was brought to Melbourne Castle, and there kept in close confinement for nineteen years, in the custody of Nicholas Montgomery. After this time Sir Ralph Shirley was governor of

MELBOURNE HALL: THE GARDENS.

the castle, which, however, is said to have been dismantled by order of Margaret, queen of Henry VI. It was, it seems, repaired by Edward IV., and in Henry VIII.'s reign is said to have been in "good reparation." In the reign of Elizabeth, the Earl of Shrewsbury was governor of the castle, which, when it came into the hands of the Huntingdons, was suffered to fall into decay, and there is now only a small fragment of it remaining, near the Hall.

The Bishops of Carlisle had formerly a palace and a park at Melbourne, and occasionally resided there, the palace being near the church and tolerably close to the castle, and on the site of what is now Melbourne Hall, which, after being long held on lease from the See, ultimately became the property of the Coke family.

MELBOURNE HALL: THE YEW TUNNEL.

The Cokes are an old Derbyshire family, whose estates lay principally at Trusley, Marchington, Thurvaston, Pinxton, Egginton, and other places. The head of the family, in the forty-third year of the reign of Edward III., was Hugh Coke, son of Robert Coke. His eldest son, Thomas, was the direct ancestor of Sir John Coke, the first of the family who settled at Melbourne. Sir John, who had greatly distinguished himself by his learning, was successively Professor of Rhetoric at Cambridge, Secretary of the Navy, Master of the Court of Requests, Secretary of State to King Charles I., and for several years a member of Parliament,

where he took an active and dignified part in the debates. He died in 1644, and was succeeded by his son (by his first wife), Thomas Coke, whose son, John Coke, married Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Leventhorpe, by whom, with other issue, he had a son, who became Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Anne and King George I., and served in Parliament for many years. This gentleman was so great a favourite with his sovereign, Queen Anne, that she presented to him, among other marks of royal favour, the two splendid vases now placed in the grounds of Melbourne Hall. By his first wife, daughter of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, he had issue, two daughters; and by his second wife, the Hon. Mary Hale, one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne, he had issue, with others, a daughter, Charlotte, who became his sole heiress on the death of her brother, George Lewis Coke. She married Matthew Lamb, of Brocket Hall, and was the mother, by him, of Sir Peniston Lamb, who was created Viscount Melbourne, of Melbourne. His wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. He was succeeded in his title and estates by his second son, William, second Viscount Melbourne, who, after holding many important posts, and taking an active part in the administration of this country, became Prime Minister. His lordship married Lady Caroline Ponsonby, daughter of the Earl of Bessborough, better known in literary circles as Lady Caroline Lamb; he died without surviving issue, when the title passed to his brother, Sir Frederick Lamb, who had been created Lord Beauvale, and had held many important posts. His lordship, who married a daughter of Count Maltzan, Prussian Ambassador, died without issue, when the title became extinct. The estates then passed to his only sister, the Hon. Emily Mary, married first to Earl Cowper, and, secondly, to the late Prime Minister, Viscount Palmerston. At Lady Palmerston's death the estates passed to her son, the present Earl Cowper, who now owns Melbourne Hall and its surrounding estates.

It is a somewhat curious circumstance, and one worth noting, that Melbourne Hall has been the seat, within the last twenty years, of two Prime Ministers, and that the titles of each—Lords Melbourne and Palmerston—have become extinct.

The GARDENS and GROUNDS of Melbourne Hall are its chief attractions. They are a curious and elegant *relique* of the old style of horticulture, which was brought from Holland by William III., consisting of groves, fountains, statues, &c., and are of the most strikingly peculiar character. In one place, on entering the visitor finds himself in the *Lover's Walk*, a literal tunnel (the outside of which is shown in our view of the grounds) formed of very aged yew trees, arched and netted and intergrown one with another, only here and there pierced by rays of light; in another he finds himself by the side of a basin, in the centre of which a fountain is ever playing; in its clear waters magnificent carp are lazily swimming or basking in the sun. In another place he comes upon a "cool grot,"—a mineral spring, over which is erected a charming rustic grotto of spars, shells, stalactites, and other natural objects, and bearing on a marble tablet lines by the Hon. George Lamb:—

"Rest, weary stranger, in this shady cave,
And taste, if languid, of the mineral wave:
There's virtue in the draught; for health that flies
From crowded cities and their smoky skies,
Here lends her power from every glade and hill,
Strength to the breeze, and medicine to the rill."

The lawn in front of the mansion is laid out in ornamental beds, filled with the choicest flowers, and dotted over with groups and single figures, and vases, &c., of fine sculpture, of which it may be interesting to note that the pair of black figures cost, about the year 1630, £30, and the Perseus and Andromeda £45. At the opposite side of the grounds from the house will be noticed an alcove of elaborate design in wrought-iron, bearing the arms of Coke, which, with the central basin and fountain, is shown in our engraving of the gardens as seen from the Hall. The Scotch firs which form the background of the gardens were planted in the time of William III., the boles being, in many instances, 80 feet in height, and 13 or 14 feet in circumference.* Leading in a south-easterly direction from the parterred lawn, the gardens become entirely changed in character, and the visitor wanders through sylvan walks, bounded on either side by impenetrable yew hedges, and intersecting each other in every direction—at every turn coming upon a fine piece of sculpture, or rippling stream, or bubbling fountain.

One of the walks leads to a gentle eminence at the junction of three splendid glades, with gigantic lime hedges, in the centre of which is placed the enormous bronze vase—one of the finest pieces of modelling in existence—called the "Seasons," which, with another exquisite, though plainer, vase placed almost in close contiguity, was presented by Queen Anne to her Vice-Chamberlain, Thomas Coke. On the pedestals are the monograms, "T. C.," of the Thomas Coke to whom they were given.

The TERRACE WALK, formed so as to overlook the magnificent lake, is a pleasant and favourite promenade for visitors, and commands some charming views of the grounds, the lake, the church, and neighbourhood.

The LAKE, or Pool, as it is commonly called, is nearly twenty-two acres in extent, and is beautifully wooded on its banks; and, with its island, with the swans which are always sailing on its surface, and pleasure-boats frequently gliding about, forms a beautiful picture from whatever point it is viewed. The gardens, it may be added, cover an extent of nearly twenty acres of ground; and it is worth noting that on the wall near the *Conservatory* and the *Muniment-room*, is the finest and largest *Wistaria* in existence—its extent along the wall being no less than 118 feet.

In the HALL itself is a splendid collection of pictures, including many very rare examples—family portraits, principally, of the old celebrities of the Coke family and others. In this house Baxter wrote his "Saint's Rest;" and here many distinguished men have at one time or other resided. It is now occupied by Mrs. Gooch, widow of Colonel Gooch, one of the heroes of Waterloo—in fact, one of the seven brave men immortalised in history as having defended the important and critical post of Hougumont in that great battle.

Closely adjoining the Hall is Melbourne Church, which must be visited by the tourist. It is, without doubt, one of the very finest and most perfect Norman structures remaining to us; reminding one forcibly, in its massive piers and other features, of Durham Cathedral. In-

KING'S NEWTON: AS IT WAS.

deed, it is far more of a cathedral in appearance than a parish church. The western doorway is one of its most striking external features; but internally it is full of interest in every part. Its monuments, too, are worthy of careful examination.

One mile from Melbourne is the pleasant village of King's Newton, with its Holy Well, and its Hall, now in ruins, but long the paternal residence of the Hardinge family, and from which its representative, Viscount Hardinge, of King's Newton—the heroic Governor-General of India—takes his title. This distinguished family had been settled at this place for several centuries, the Hall being built by them *circa* 1400. Sir Robert Hardinge, who was Master of the Court of Chancery and Attorney-General to Charles II., resided here, and was visited by that monarch, who remained his guest for some days. On the glass of the window of his room King Charles scratched the anagram, *Cras ero lux*, being a clever transposition of the words, *Carolus Rex*, and meaning "To-morrow I shall shine." In the garden is a famous old mulberry tree, under which it is said the monarch used to sit: it is still luxuriant in foliage and in fruit. The Hall was destroyed by fire only a few years ago, and its picturesque ruins and grounds are now open to the public, who during the summer months "there do congregate" for picnic parties and rural enjoyments. Our engraving shows the Hall as it appeared before the fire.

The village of King's Newton, one of the most delightful of villages, has a literary celebrity attaching to it. Here Thomas Hall, who wrote "Wisdom's Conquest" in 1640, resided; and here, too, lived Speechly, the Rural Economist; Mundy, who wrote "The Fall of Needwood," and "Needwood Forest;" Mrs. Green, the authoress of "John Gray of Willoughby;" the Ortons, one of whom is known by his "Excelsior" and his "Three Palaces," and the other by his varied writings—were residents; and here, in his native place, still lives the able historian of Melbourne, Mr. Briggs, whose works are so well known and appreciated, and who ranks high as a naturalist, who is at present engaged in a work of deep interest and importance, "The Worthies of Derbyshire;" here too now resides the author of "Thurstan Meverell." The locality has many other attractions "too numerous to mention." Independent of its great natural beauties, its most attractive associations are undoubtedly with a grand and honourable past.

* The garden views, copied from clever photographs, are by Mr. Price of Derby, who has taken, very skilfully, many other views in the neighbourhood.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE LADY'S TAILOR.

H. Marks, Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

Mr. Marks's pictures are always among the most generally attractive contributions to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, because one is almost certain to see in them something humorous enough to excite a smile, and clever enough to give satisfaction on account of the Art-merits of the work. He is neither farcical nor a caricaturist, but an artist of droll fancy, giving to subjects, which in themselves scarcely come under the denomination of comic, a quiet drollery that is irresistible. We have an excellent example in the picture here engraved, where we see Francis Feeble, the woman's tailor, not as Shakspere exhibits him in the Gloucestershire mansion of Justice Shallow, to be "pricked" for one of Falstaff's "sufficient men," but in his workshop. The passage in which Feeble is brought forward in the drama is in the second part of *Henry IV.*, Act iii., sc. 2:—

Falstaff. What trade art thou, Feeble?
Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shallow. Shall I prick him, sir?
Falstaff. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?
Feeble. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.
Falstaff. Well said, good woman's tailor: well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

From what is visible through the open window in Feeble's shop, the gathering outside is the prelude to what has transpired in the Justice's apartment. Shallow's officers are going the round of the town recruiting for Falstaff's "ragged regiment;" one of them holds a scroll in his hand, or a warrant, with which he is about to serve the unfortunate tailor, who, unaware of the destiny that awaits him, is taking the measure of a buxom lady of some position in society, after she has decided upon the material of which the garment, whatever this may be, is to be made: rolls of "stuff" of various kinds lie on the table for selection. Some discussion appears to be going on between the courtly dame and her *costumier*, for he looks up to her face in a humorous, deprecating manner, as if he had given offence to the lady by some remark on her *embonpoint*: the expression of her countenance, and her attitude, are both suggestive of remonstrance. And however master Feeble may have the good will to fight valiantly against the enemy, his attenuated person, from head to foot, would make but a sorry stand in front of the foe.

There is another, and by no means an unimportant, personage in the picture: this, it may be presumed, is the lady's husband, contemplating the scene with feelings something between astonishment and heroic submission to the result as regards his purse. There are few husbands in our own time solicitous to go "shopping" with their wives: it is a momentous affair, and when undertaken, has to be borne, and generally is borne, with a spirit somewhat akin to that of martyrdom. It must have been the same in the days of Henry IV.: the worthy gentleman introduced by Mr. Marks into the tailor's place of business seems but ill at ease, and sits on the stool as if it were one of repentance that he should ever have been beguiled into such an act of indiscretion. This figure is capital, and of immense value to the composition.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1865.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal."

ART-EDUCATION IN STUTTGARDT.

Sir,—While the question of national education is occupying the mind of the English public, it may interest some of your readers to know what is being done in this country. I therefore venture to send you a few remarks upon what I have noticed here, in the belief that we in England may gather some useful ideas from what is going on in Wurtemburg.

In this little country the educational system occupies a very prominent position, and receives an amount of support from the State, and of attention from all classes of the community, that produces results deserving the notice of those who are about to frame for us, in England, a new or extended system of national education.

The compulsory system is adopted, and the primary schools are universally well attended. There is a mixture of Catholic and Protestant population, varying in relative proportions, throughout the country; and the religious instruction of the members of the two branches of Christian faith appears to be zealously carried out, without discord or material inconvenience.

I need allude no further to the question of general education than to say, that the system adopted is worthy the attentive consideration of those who would work out a successful scheme for England, as it combines many of the requirements we need, and conquers some of the difficulties against which we have to contend.

My present object is to notice a few features connected with Art and technical education which I have observed during my short stay in this country, or gathered from information most kindly afforded by President Von Steinbeis and Mr. Diefenbach of Stuttgardt, and by Mr. Bauer, teacher of engraving, &c., in Gmünd.

Here technical and Art education are intimately and universally connected with the general system; they form, in fact, an important part of it, and have departments throughout the country open to all who desire to enter and profit by them. In Stuttgardt there is a central establishment, with a museum of Arts and Industry, and a manufactory of models and copies of works of Art, having schools for drawing, modelling, and design carried on under the same roof. This establishment is under the care of Dr. Von Steinbeis, to whose efforts, since 1851, much of the educational progress of the kingdom is due. There is also a Polytechnic Institution, in which various advanced branches of Art and Science are taught, by eminent professors, at a very trifling cost to the students. This institution contains spacious lecture and class-rooms, and possesses collections of models and drawings for the various schools of engineering, design, architecture, and mechanics; also an excellent chemical laboratory. It is supported almost entirely by the State, and is independent of the Industrial Museum presided over by Dr. Von Steinbeis.

The Art and technical schools throughout the provinces are connected with, and under the inspection of, this latter establishment; of these there are in the provincial towns and villages about 130 schools, with 223 masters and 7,000 scholars.

The course of education pursued in the central establishment in Stuttgardt, and at the provincial schools, is founded on tolerably correct principles; and the teaching, though not superior in quality to our own Government Schools of Art, is better adapted to the requirements of the pupils, and to the branches of industry which exist in the respective neighbourhoods.

The central establishment acts a motherly part to her scattered offspring, by providing them with good masters and excellent models; and in cases in which she does not possess the class of copies or models required in any special locality, permission is granted to the master to make the necessary purchases in Paris or elsewhere; one half of the funds being provided for the purpose by the central department, and the other half by the commune in which the school is situated.

This rule also applies to the payment of the master's salary, and to the general expenses of the school; the sum contributed by the pupils being very small indeed. I may quote one or two instances of schools established in provincial towns, having direct reference to the staple trade of the place; viz., Reutlingen, where there is a weaving-school under an experienced teacher. Rottenburg, where there is a school for wood-carving; and Gmünd, where a teacher of chasing and engraving gives instruction in the artistic branches of their trade to the boys engaged in the extensive brass, gold, silver, and jewelry manufactories in that place.

I visited this most interesting little town (its architectural remains are alone worth the journey from England), and saw the school to which I have alluded. The pupils are boys occupied in the trade of the place, and who, having gone through a course of tuition in the excellent drawing-school, complete their Art-instruction by applying the principles they have learned there to actual work upon the materials of their trade. Already well instructed in the elementary principles of Art, they go from the school to the workshop, and from the workshop to the school, and thus combine Art-instruction with their daily employment.

It will at once be seen that this system, if properly carried out, cannot fail to have successful results. It must make skilled and intelligent workmen of nearly all those who seek the advantages which it affords; and it must also greatly facilitate the development of the talents of those who possess the rare but valuable ability of originality of design.

The engraving-school at Gmünd has only been one year in operation, but the results I saw there were most encouraging; and I feel convinced that in years to come the benefits and advantages of the system pursued there, and in the other towns and villages in which special trades are carried on, will be much more fully realised.

From the most recent published return which I can obtain of the proceedings of the industrial department, I find that 3,809 pupils are receiving instruction in free-hand drawing, 2,082 in mechanical drawing, and 1,394 in Art, as applied to special branches of trade.

I have put these few facts roughly together for the perusal of your readers, in the hope that they may promote the adoption of a similar rational scheme of Art-education in England, as a part of our national system.

If we wish to ensure successful results; to elevate our artisans to knowledge of, and pleasure in, their daily work; to improve the public taste; and to produce designers whose ambition it will be to create—and not, as now, merely to copy—and apply things noble and beautiful in Art, we must inaugurate a more practical system of Art-education than we at present possess. It must be a system which can adapt itself in each locality to the requirements of the daily life of the pupils in the workshop or the manufactory. We must bear in mind that we do not wish to educate our working people into artists, but to create skilled artificers, artisans, and designers. Finally, our system must bring Art-instruction within reach of our poorest classes, without being a burden to them, so that we may gather from the masses the hidden talent which will be found to exist abundantly even in our variable climate and in our smoky and unlovely manufacturing towns.

A. Harris, Jun.

Stuttgardt, October 16th, 1869.

[Our readers will be much indebted to our correspondent for directing public attention to the successful efforts that are generally made in Germany to give judicious education to the artisan. When the British workman is made really to understand what he does, we shall obtain a superiority that may defy competition. It is the subject that, perhaps, of all others, demands elucidation. The supremacy of the foreign workmen—of Germany, Italy, and France—is derived exclusively from early training with intelligence, while too frequently the British workman is a mere machine—executing well what he is told to do, but seldom able to give a reason for what he does.]

H. MARKS. PINXT

C. W. SHARP. SCULPT

THE LADY'S TAILOR.

LONDON VIRTUE & Co

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXXXIX.—WILLIAM GALE.

THIS painter was born in London, in 1823. He was educated at the Grammar School, Brompton; and on completing his ordinary studies there, became, for a short time, a pupil in the Art-academy of Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury. In 1841 he was enrolled a student of the Royal Academy, and had awarded to him, in 1844, a silver medal, with the lectures of Professors Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, for the best copy in the School of Painting; and another silver medal for the best drawing from the living model. In 1845 his name again appears in the list of those who were the recipients of prizes: a silver medal and the same series of lectures being awarded him for the best drawing in chalk from the living model. The books he did not receive, as he had them already.

Pictures of sacred Art, such as those we have engraved, form but a small portion of Mr. Gale's labours; they are, in fact, among his latest productions. We have before us a list of about eighty subjects exhibited by him since he first appeared before the public, in 1845; and out of this number about ten may have been suggested by scripture narrative. The titles of some of his earlier exhibited pictures show on what variety of themes he tried his yet undeveloped powers: such as 'Young Celadon and his Amelia' (1845); 'Phœdria' (1846); 'The Indian,' and 'The Voice of Mercy' (1847); 'Merry Mood,' and 'Florimel in the Witch's Cottage' (1848); 'Heloise,' and 'May' (1849); 'Chaucer's Dream' (1850); 'Perseus and Andromeda,' and 'Cydippe' (1851): the last we remember as a small painting distinguished by much grace and sweetness.

In this year, 1851, Mr. Gale, having married, chose Italy for his wedding-tour, where he remained some time studying the works of the old masters, especially in Rome: in the year following he sent home for the Academy Exhibition 'An Italian Girl,' painted with the finish of a miniature. Another Italian subject, entitled 'Going to the Sistine Chapel,' was exhibited at the British Institution in 1853: it is simply the head and bust of a lady wearing a veil, which she holds with one hand. For delicacy and transparency of feature the work could scarcely be excelled. A somewhat similar subject, called 'A Peep at the Carnival,' was in the same gallery in 1854: it is a small picture, representing a girl looking out of a window, exquisite in colour, and painted with extreme tenderness of flesh-tones. In this year also two subjects he contributed to the Academy exhibition manifested attempts at a higher aim than anything the artist had heretofore produced: these were 'The Wounded Knight,' suggested by the *Fairie Queen*, and 'Guiderius and Arviragus repeating the dirge over Imogen,' from *Cymbeline*; but though neither work is devoid of considerable merit, both bear evidence that the painter had not yet attained the power of dealing with grouped figures so successfully as he treated a single figure.

NAZARETH.

Drawn by W. J. Allen.] [*Engraved by F. Wentworth.*

The principal pictures exhibited by Mr. Gale in 1855, were 'Griselda expelled from the house of the Marquis,' at the Royal Academy; and 'An Incursion of the Danes—Saxon Women watching the Conflict,' at the British Institution.

The year 1856 showed five pictures exhibited by this painter, all very different in subject: at the British Institution were hung 'Imogen and Iachimo,' 'Paolo and Francesca,' and 'Happy hours in joy and hymning spent;' in the Royal Academy were 'The Captured Runaway,' and an excellent study of a head of Christ. Two smaller pictures, 'Summer-Time,' and 'An Angel,' both remarkable for elegance of composition and exquisite finish, were exhibited the following year, with a third work, entitled 'The Fern-case,' at the former of the above named galleries. To the Academy he contributed two little works: 'The Confidante,' two

young ladies, in a woody landscape, in earnest conversation; and 'The Exile'—a French refugee seated in a small room with *La Presse* newspaper in his hand. Both are most charmingly executed, but the latter, in subject and delicate manipulation, might be owned by Meissonier without compromising his almost unrivalled talents. It would only be repeating the above remarks were we to comment upon the three cabinet-pictures sent by Mr. Gale to the Academy in 1858: 'The Sorrowful Days of Evangeline,' 'The Happy Days of Evangeline,' a pair; and 'Two Lovers whispering by an Orchard-wall:' all of them perfect gems of Art. In 1859 we find him still pursuing the same successful course of painting, in 'Little Grandmamma,' exhibited at the British Institution; and in 'Grace Harvey's Visit to the Sick Child,' from Kingsley's *Two Years Ago;* 'Love thy Mother, Little One;' and 'Chess-players—"Guard your Queen!"' hung in the Royal Academy.

A single picture in each of these two galleries made up the complement of Mr. Gale's exhibited works in the year following: namely, 'Mother and Child,' in the Institution; and 'Columbus in Chains,' in the Academy: the latter picture an historical incident admirably treated and elaborate in finish.

We presume that Mr. Gale, on his journey into Italy, to which reference has been made, did not pass through Germany without transferring to his sketch-book something that arrested his attention by the way. Probably two pictures, exhibited in 1861, owe their origin to this continental trip: one, 'A German Flower-Girl,' in the British Institution; the other, 'Land Leben,' in the Academy; where at the same time he exhibited 'Eyes to the Blind,' 'The Father's Blessing,' and 'Naples in 1859.' We have yet so many subsequent pictures to mention that our limited space precludes comment on these. For the same reason we must pass over, with the simple enumeration of their titles, his productions of the year immediately following: 'Evangeline,' a head only; 'After the Spanish,' the head and bust of a Spanish female—both in the British Institution; 'God's Messenger,' 'Autumn,' 'The Sick Wife,' and 'Rejected Addresses,' all in the Academy.

Drawn by W. J. Allen. "SICK, AND IN PRISON." *[Engraved by F. Wentworth.*

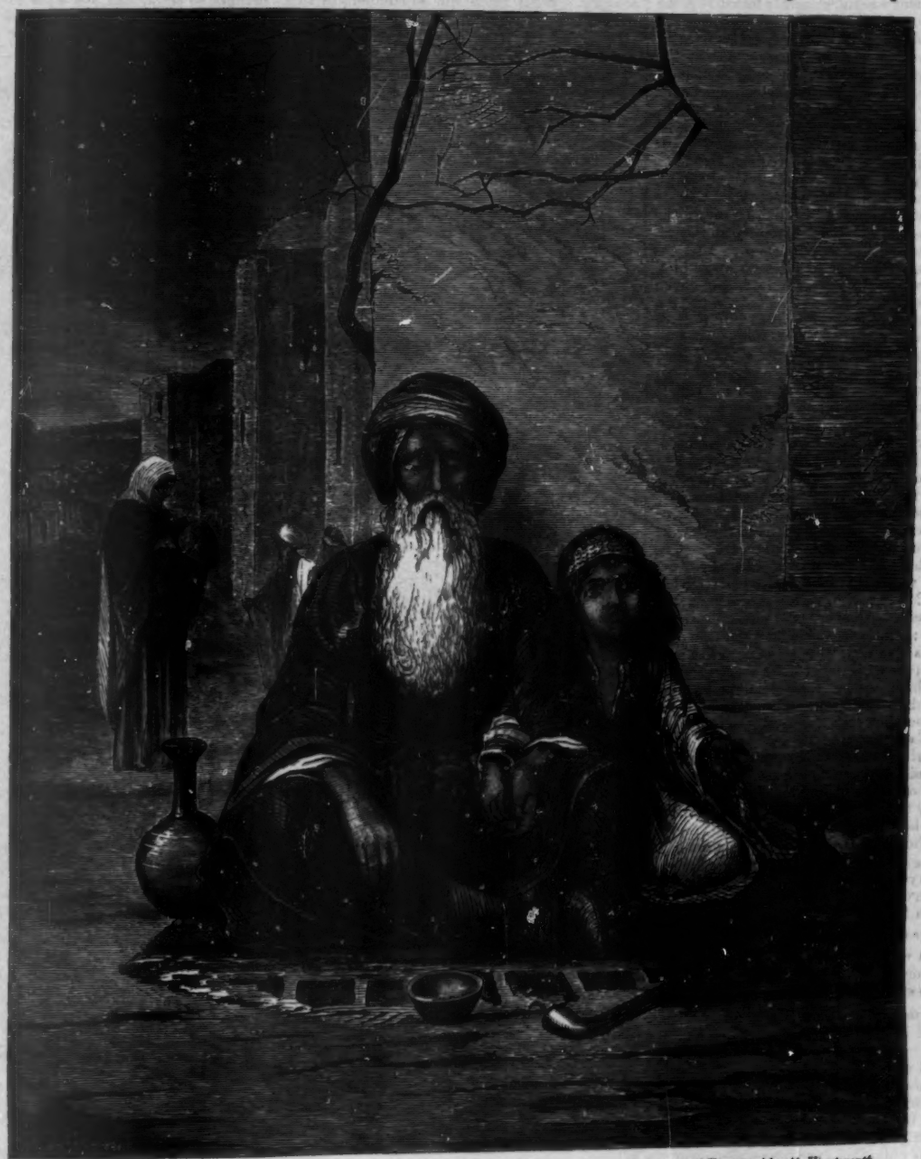
In the autumn of 1862 Mr. Gale visited the Holy Land, making Jerusalem his head-quarters. The journey evidently turned the current of his Art-conceptions, for from this period commenced the series of pictures of Eastern life and sacred subjects which have formed the staple of his subsequent labours. A second visit to the same deeply interesting country in 1867, when he located himself principally at Nazareth and Tiberias, confirmed him in the course he had taken. His works now assumed a more important and a higher tone: the first of these, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863, is a scene which had become somewhat familiar to us through preceding works, of other artists, 'The Jews' Place of Wailing, in Jerusalem:' it bears the impress of Mr. Gale's minute elaboration of detail. We find in our catalogue of the Academy exhibition of the following year notes of approval appended to his 'Turtle-doves, Jerusalem,' and 'Syrian Fellahin journeying;' the latter suggested by the scriptural passage—"That it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, 'Out of Egypt have I called my Son.'" Of four pictures exhibited by him in the Academy, in 1865, one of the most prominent was 'BLIND BARTIMEUS,' now the property of Thomas E. Walker, Esq., of Thistle Grove, Brompton, to whom we desire to offer our acknowledgments for the facilities he afforded us for engraving it. The group is skilfully arranged, while the face of the young girl is an eloquent appeal on behalf of her afflicted parent. The draperies are painted in a remarkably rich tone of colour; and the quality of light, as expressed on the massive walls of Jericho, is well maintained. Another of this year's works, by no means inferior to that just described, is an illustration of the passage,—"A woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment." The figure is of considerable size, and would, perhaps, have acquired power if painted in a less elaborate manner; but, as was said in our Journal at the time, "the artist has gained a quiet and tender expression well in keeping with the act of affection whereon the woman is intent. The colour is marvellous for its lustre."

Of the two pictures exhibited by Mr. Gale at the Academy in

1866, we much preferred the smaller, entitled 'Nearing Home;' the other, 'The Offering for the First-born,' certainly did not quite maintain the position acquired by those of the preceding year, to which we have made reference.

'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' the solitary contribution of 1867, was hung so high that it was impossible to form a definite judgment upon it; and we, unfortunately, had no opportunity of seeing it in the painter's studio, as was the case with several others. From the distance at which we looked at it in the Academy, its general appearance was favourable: the subject, however, is one that, to do it ample justice, would test the ability of any artist. Haydon's version is, perhaps, the best picture painted by him.

With two comparatively unimportant works,—'Roses,' and 'The Daily Task,' both subjects of eastern origin,—Mr. Gale sent to the Academy last year 'NAZARETH,' engraved on a preceding page. There is no attempt here to make the subject an example of religious Art, strictly so called; it is simply naturalistic, one may call it domestic. The scene is the "home" of the Saviour at Nazareth: the apartment in which he appears with Mary and Joseph is the carpenter's shop. We may remark that the house, the buildings seen through the open doorway, and the various tools and instruments which make up the accessories, were all sketched from "nature" during the artist's visit to Nazareth. The figure of Jesus, who is removing a wooden plough from a



Drawn by W. J. Allen. BLIND BARTIMEUS. *Engraved by F. Wentworth.*

distant part of the shop, is that of a young man of agreeable but serious aspect: it is drawn in an easy, unaffected manner, yet has dignity. His mother watches his movement with loving eyes, while Joseph is laboriously sawing a piece of timber. The composition is well put together, while our reverence for the sacred character of the chief actor in the scene is in no way compromised by the familiar manner in which the whole is set forth.

'SICK, AND IN PRISON,' is engraved from a small, but well-painted picture, hung this year in the Academy. The conception of the two figures is excellent, the pose effective and touching, and the heads are really fine studies full of expression. A large composition, 'The Return of the Prodigal,' was exhibited with it: the only comment we have room for is to say that, however acceptable this artist's smaller works are, this, and other larger canvases we have spoken of, show that he ought not to limit his practice to cabinet-pictures. His works of the last four or five years show such advance in many of the highest qualities that we trust he will persevere in the course on which he has entered. In all he does, he is painstaking and studious; with a good eye for colour, and great refinement of feeling.

We may note that at the commencement of the volunteer movement Mr. Gale joined the "Artists'" corps, in which he now holds a captain's commission.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE LEIGH HUNT MEMORIAL.

According to promise, we present to our readers an engraving of the Memorial to Leigh Hunt, "inaugurated" at Kensal Green, on Tuesday, the 19th of October, by Lord Houghton, who, himself a graceful poet, was fitly chosen to discharge the agreeable duty. It was "uncovered" in the presence of about two-hundred persons, many of them being friends of Leigh Hunt; Mr. Thornton Hunt, his son, was also present with several of his children (the monument was subsequently formally given over to him and his family); and although the day was not propitious, several ladies were in attendance—among others, Mrs. Proctor (the wife of Bryan Waller Proctor, long famous as "Bryan Cornwall," the only renowned contemporary now living of Leigh Hunt) and Mrs. S. C. Hall, both of whom were his personal friends.

Our readers are aware that this project originated in the *Art-Journal*; its editor, Mr. S. C. Hall, when writing a "memory" of Leigh Hunt, learned with dismay that there was no stone to mark the grave in which he lay, in the crowded and "decorated" cemetery at Kensal Green. He printed these lines:—

"That is a reproach to all who knew him, and to all who have read, admired, and loved his many works—a generation that reaps the harvest of his labours. His works will, indeed, do both—*they* will be his monument—more enduring than any of 'piled-up stones'—and *they* will preserve his name for ever among the foremost men of his age and country. But it is not right that the crowded 'graveyard,' which contains sculptured tablets to so many illustrious authors, artists, and men of science, should be without one to this great writer; and I appeal to the thousands by whom he is esteemed to remove from England the reproach."

The result was that several friends or admirers tendered subscriptions; they were not sufficient for the purpose, however. The project, although by no means abandoned, was postponed, until it was taken in hand by Mr. Townsend Mayer, who, with more leisure than Mr. Hall, set himself earnestly to the task of its completion; and, some time afterwards, a sum of £217 was obtained, which was deemed ample for the purpose contemplated.*

Mr. Durham, A.R.A., the eminent and accomplished sculptor, had originally agreed to produce the bust, pedestal, &c., at the bare cost of materials and employed workmanship; and Mr. Macfarlane, of Glasgow, agreed to place the cast-iron railing without charge. Ultimately, however, both these generous gentlemen were relieved by the Committee from their promises: they have been paid, though very moderately, for their admirable work; and the monument, of which we give an engraving, has been erected "in memory of one of the most graceful, genial, and popular of British poets, essayists, and critics, whose own line best illustrates his character,—

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men,"—

of whom it was said by one of his many friends, Lord Lytton,—

"He had that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart;"

to whose merits Macaulay bore earnest testimony; and who was thus described by Thomas Carlyle:—

"He is a man of the most indisputably superior worth—a man of genius in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike, open character; also of most pure, even exemplary, private deportment; a man who can be other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium."

To these tributes we may now add that of Lord Houghton—pronounced by the side of his grave on the 19th of October, 1862:—

"Among that generation of poets Leigh Hunt was recognised as a companion, and by the best he was beloved as a friend. This is not the place, nor am I the man, to adjust his place in that illustrious company; but I will say here—I will say everywhere—that he was a true English poet. Not merely the faculty of imagination, not merely the presence of wit, not merely the great and sedulous accomplishment of our literature, not these things alone made him a poet—he was born one, and died one. There is one sphere of literature in which I think I may say he was absolutely eminent—I mean that of poetical criticism. In that field I place him before any other man of letters in this country. What made him so eminent in this was no less the acuteness of his penetration and the tenderness of his taste, than the generosity and the nobility of his disposition. With him criticism—which is too often an enemy or a detective—was the gracious patron and the faithful friend, and he criticised because he admired, and because he loved; and whilst in the works of his contemporaries he would have passed over every error and fault which he could not conceal from himself, and rest upon everything that was gracious and beautiful, so in his contemplation of the past, he has brought forward and presented to the English mind for ever the beauties of our poetic literature in a manner so vivid, and in a style so graceful, that it is impossible to over-rate the value of the contribution to the intellectual education of our race."

It is, as will be seen, a simple monument: on one side is an inscription, underneath "the Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" (the title of one of his books), recording the dates of his birth and death,—October 19, 1784; August 28, 1859,—and on another his own memorable line—"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

Monuments far more sumptuous and more costly abound in the crowded grave-yard, but this, in its pure simplicity, is exactly such as we believe the poet would have chosen for himself.

The "reproach" at which we grieved, and desired to remove, exists no longer. The grave of Leigh Hunt is not without "a mark" in that populous city of the dead, who are not dead; and those who read his graceful poems, genial essays, and generous criticisms, will, hereafter,—and, so to speak, for ever,—rejoice that the gratitude—his due—has been expressed and recorded above his grave in Kensal Green.*

* An addition has been made to it by subscriptions among the committee; but, including the purchase of ground, making the brick vault, expenses attendant on the ceremonial—in fact, everything included—the entire sum barely amounts to £260.

* A list of the subscribers is printed with a small but elegant edition of some of Leigh Hunt's essays, published by John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly. A copy of the little book has been sent to each subscriber to the monument.

THE CAPABILITIES OF THE ALEXANDRA PALACE AND PARK.

Where and what, may our readers inquire, are the Alexandra Palace and Park? By what gracious condescension, or by what colossal impertinence, are they dignified by a name which appeals with such force to the loyal admiration of the British public? Is the palace one of the crystal order? Is the park one of those forlorn wastes, entered by gates designed in a style which might be justly characterised as the poor-law *Renaissance*, and spotted with disconsolate little newly planted trees, each containing about enough timber and lop to make a good-sized besom? Even if such be the case, we would speak with forbearance, and with a desire to recognise all capabilities of future shade and grace. Any open spot within the *enceinte* of our vast metropolitan province of brick and mortar has a positive, or, more properly speaking, a negative, sanitary value. From the protection of Kennington Park, or of Paddington Green, to the removal of Middle Row, Holborn, every attempt to open ventilating areas in the dense hive of the metropolis merits ungrudging support.

In fact the steady, secular, growth of the largest European city is so rapid as to make the question of the best mode of maintaining the respirable quality of the atmosphere one of primary social importance. The annual rate at which the metropolitan population increases is such as to double the total amount in rather less than forty years; so that, unless some unforeseen check should occur, London, at the close of the present century, will contain more than six millions of inhabitants. Such a demand on the respiratory supply furnished by the atmosphere has never yet been made in the history of man. It is, therefore, of the first importance to secure, wherever practicable, open, planted, spaces, as lungs for this great capital.

Of all such localities, whether we regard the relaxation and pleasure of the visitants, or the actual chemical effect on the constitution of the air, there is not another, existing, projected, or possible, which has the capabilities of the noble estate on which H. R. H. the Princess of Wales has bestowed her loved and honoured name. Occupying the summit and the slopes of Muswell Hill, one of the chain of picturesque eminences that divide the basin of the Lea from that of the Brent, it commands a panoramic view of an extent, and of a beauty, that is rare even in our own picturesque country. Four hundred acres of fine old grass-land, studded with noble trees, watered, at the foot of the eastward slope, by the patriotic work of Sir Hugh Middleton, require but slight service from the florist and the landscape-gardener to convert them into a scene of positively fairy-like beauty. On the crown of the hill, looking down on every form of undulating slope, shady dell, and far-reaching distance, stands a substantial, well-built, highly-decorated building, which covers beneath its weather-tight roof no less than nine acres of land. A noble central hall, nine hundred feet in length, is crossed by three transepts. A lantern rises at each lateral intersection, and a lofty cupola in the centre. Flooring, painting, glazing, gilding, are all complete, and the solitary watchman who tends that palace of the Jinns has not discovered a single drop of water penetrating either the admirable roof or the well-fitting sashes.

We have spoken of the park-like scenery, and of the readiness with which it may be converted into a sweep of naturally ornamental ground, almost without a rival for its beauty, But the chief charm of the spot is yet untold. West of the building, and rising on a gently opposing slope—which is, at this moment, divided from the ground immediately surrounding the palace by a builder's hoard-fence that inspires the most lugubrious forebodings—lies a wild, natural garden, clothed with the utmost beauty to which the luxuriance of our northern vegetation can attain. On one side, a low thick hedge of holly, pillared by noble oaks, flanks a grand terrace walk, commanding a noble view over the slope which descends rapidly from the prickly barrier. Very few such oaks are to be found within the island: lofty, sturdy, well-grown trees, not marked by the hollow boles and distorted limbs of extreme old age, but in the very prime of vegetable manhood. Turning at right angles at the end of this semi-avenue—such a scene for a lover's fancy—the walk skirts a rapid descent, clothed with turf of that silky fineness that denotes long and careful garden-culture, and set with a labyrinth of trees, each one of which is a study in itself. A noble cedar of Lebanon—there is a tradition that Linnæus himself planted cedars in the neighbourhood—rises in a group of spires like a fore-shortened Gothic cathedral. An oak, which, from its perfect and unusual symmetry, deceives the eye as to size, and looks like a sapling close at hand, has a bole of some 15 feet girth, rising for 24 feet before it breaks into branches. Towering Scotch firs look down upon their coniferous brother from a yet loftier height. Such a sloping, sheltered, romantic lawn, would have charmed the very soul of Bacon.

Turning again, to avoid green-houses and kitchen-garden, the walk is bordered by a laurel hedge, and overlooks a wide sweep of country, undulated, wooded, and studded by many a spiry steeple, to the north. Here we meet with an elm standing alone on the turf, as perfect in its giant symmetry as the oak we have just admired. Then one of the cypress family, that rare species—some two hundred years old—in this country, of which the spiny leaves, emulating the deciduous habit of dicotyledonous trees, fade in autumn into crimson. Then, perhaps the monarch of all, we come upon a gigantic chestnut, which seems as if, like the trees once in the garden of Eden, no touch of iron had ever fallen upon its limbs. Twining and bowing branches droop to the very ground, and rise again—resting, not rooting—to emulate the vegetable peristyle of the banyan.

This unprofaned haunt of the British dryads, who may have lingered near from the time of Caractacus himself, is not without appropriate inhabitants. The elms which form an avenue shading the northern terrace-walk, bear the dwellings of a colony of rooks, whose ancestors have reigned in this airy polity undisturbed by the enormous growth, for nineteen centuries, of the vast city beneath. Their hoarse call, questioning cry, or eager and querulous chatter, completes the illusion of the scene. At five miles distance from London the visitor seems to be fifty miles from a city.

We speak of this spot almost with the affection which an adventurous navigator entertains for some new-found island, or the desert pilgrim for an oasis. It *is* a discovery. How many men in London know of palace, or park, or grove from personal visit to the spot? No description can produce the effect on the imagination which is the result of such a visit.

One thing is certain. We cannot afford to lose this spot; which, if duly preserved and tended, will be of priceless value in a few years. The menaced inroad of the builder must, at any cost, be resisted. And one especial advantage of the place is, that it presents the means of raising, with the least risk of failure, such a theatre or lecture-room for the teaching of nature herself, to the inhabitants of a denaturalised city, as we might vainly seek elsewhere. Rural nature, sylvan scenery, venerable forest-trees such as centuries could only produce, are there: gardens, floral, horticultural, and botanic, may be readily added. It would not be difficult for a deft hand so to supplement the efforts of nature, that a walk through these grounds should be, in itself, a most instructive lesson in botany.

And then were a portion of the nine acres of building devoted to a gallery of zoology, how admirable would be the result! We must have, if we are to educate at all, a Zoological Museum for the people—not a long row of glass-cases crowded with stuffed animals until they confuse the vision, but a select, well-arranged, exhibition, which shall display, even without guide-book or catalogue, an illustration of the system of nature. It is well to collect species—necessary, indeed, for the student and for the teacher—but such a collection is all but useless to the public. It fatigues and confuses from the very power of numbers. What we do want is a series of typical forms, preserved with the utmost skill, illustrating only the Linnæan genera, or natural groups of equal magnitude and importance. Nor is it impossible so to arrange these specimens that even children may see at a glance, what is the order, and how ranks the hierarchy, of the animal kingdom.

We cannot better serve our countrymen, and especially the citizens and inhabitants of London, than by aiding, in any manner, the development of the great capabilities of Alexandra Park. An outlay comparatively trifling seems only to be necessary in order to render the spot worthy of its royally bestowed name. It would be difficult to say more in any language. It would be impossible to say more in the English tongue, and to the hearts of the English people.

LEIGH HUNT.

October 19, 1784. October 19, 1869.

Between unnoted birth and service crown'd
The way lies fair and good,
From leafy Southgate to the reverend ground
That holds the dust of Hood.

Much like his life the day that saw us there:
Half tempest and half calm,
Some trouble and some blessing fill'd the air,
Some roughness and some balm.

The waning year was conscious of its end;
But o'er the autumnal cold
The frequent sunshine—a celestial friend—
Came glancing with its gold.

Dreaming, we thought of lofty souls, by death
Uplift beyond our star,
Delivered from the doubts of mortal breath,
Translated, and afar.

Our vanish'd friend we almost saw and heard;
And Keats, though frail and bow'd,
With spirit bright and singing as a bird
In some Elysian cloud;

And Shelley, with a heart of quenchless fire,
All earthly storms above,
A mystery and a rapture of desire,
Made up of wrath and love.

Lamb, too, an elfin creature freed from woes,
Yet trick'd in smiles and tears,—
A happier Mary by his side,—arose
From unforgotten years.

Coleridge and Wordsworth pass'd in memory by:
The one with inward looks;
The other with the freedom of the sky,
And of the mountain brooks;—

And Hazlitt, in the light of hopes fulfill'd;
And Landor clear and strong;
And Byron, with no poison-drops distill'd
From his immortal song.

The living were less living than those dead.
Enough for us if, fast
Across the eloquent phrases that were said,
Came shadows of the Past;

Enough for us if, standing by his bust,
Our hearts restored the man,
And clear'd from dim forgetfulness and dust
The intermediate span.

The sculptured marble mildly took the light,
And shall in peace remain,
Companion'd by the alternate day and night,
The sunshine and the rain;

While he, exalted above wordy strife,
Pursues from day to day—
Pursues along the ascending beam of Life,
His immaterial way.

Edmund Ollier.

ALBERT DURER.*

By one of those unusual coincidences which will occasionally be found in literature, as in other matters, these two volumes have appeared simultaneously. The preface of each commences with remarking on the fact, that highly as Durer's works are estimated in this country, no detailed history of his life and works has hitherto been given to us: this hiatus in our Art-literature each author desires to fill up; and between the two, the reproach that might attach to England, on the score of neglecting an artist whom she admires, is taken from us.

We have written "between the two" because, though engaged on the same subject, both writers have approached it under somewhat different feelings and with different views: the result is that what may be lacking in the one volume will be found in the other. *Place à la Dame!* not only on the score of gallantry, but also because Mrs. Heaton's volume is more pretentious, larger, more richly illustrated, and more comprehensive as a life-history. The lady has made ample use, but not beyond what seems requisite, of the materials within her reach; while Mr. Scott has designedly compressed his within a comparatively limited space.

Mrs. Heaton divides her story into three parts: the first is a most interesting biographical account of Durer; the second, though she "does not pretend to deal with the hidden mysteries of his Art," is entirely devoted to a consideration of his works. Her remarks show due appreciation of the master's genius, and a fine discrimination of judgment. Contrasting Durer's designs with the more peaceful and intelligent productions of the great Italian painters, she remarks that "the secret of Durer's strength lies further from the surface, and requires more of intellectual and imaginative effort in its study, than that of any of the Italian masters. His work is always transcendently good, but that it is also most beautiful will only be perceived by those whose eyes have been trained to seek out that high and subtle beauty which lies outside the region of the sensuous." A strange, weird-like imagination was Durer's, which keeps one spell-bound; as was that of our own William Blake, and that of the Belgian Wiertz. The third part of Mrs. Heaton's book is occupied with the journal and last years of Durer. No more worthy tribute in a literary form, to his memory could be offered than this very beautiful volume; graced, as it is, with admirable photographic copies of many of his choicest engravings, in addition to numerous woodcuts.

Mr. Scott's more modest book will be valued by those to whom the other may not be accessible. As a matter of course he travels over much of the same ground as his cotemporary writer, but his narrative is more concise. Nearly one-third of the contents of the work is devoted to an appendix, containing an ample descriptive catalogue of Durer's engravings of every kind, with a list of his pictures, portraits, drawings, sketches, &c., &c. To the collector this list, which must have entailed much labour and research, will be estimable. It is unfortunate, perhaps, for Mr. Scott that he has unconsciously entered the field against such a competitor as Mrs. Heaton, yet his volume will find, as it deserves, its share of favour among the admirers of the old Nuremberg artist.

We may, however, remark concerning both histories that there is in the early life of Durer, and especially in connection with his friends and associates, a degree of uncertainty which neither author has attempted to clear up: this still remains to be done by some future biographer.

* THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF ALBRECHT DURER, OF NÜRNBERG. With a Translation of his Letters and Journal, and some Account of his Works. By Mrs. Charles Heaton. Published by Macmillan & Co.

ALBERT DURER: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. Including Autobiographical Papers and Complete Catalogues. By W. B. Scott, Author of "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts." With Six Etchings by the Author, and other Illustrations. Published by Longman & Co.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. George Hay and Mr. James Cassie have been elected Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy, in the room of Mr. Cameron and Mr. Ross, the last elected Academicians.—The students who had attended the classes of the late Robert Scott-Lauder in the Trustees Academy and in the National Gallery, being desirous, as we intimated recently, to commemorate their appreciation of their master, have resolved, with the sanction of the family, to erect a monument over his grave in the Warriston Cemetery. The monument will be in the form of a handsome slab of grey Sicilian marble, with an alto-relievo head of white marble in medallion, and an appropriate inscription underneath. The subscribers have intrusted the commission to their fellow-student, Mr. John Hutchison, R.S.A., the sculptor of the admirable bust at present in the library of the Royal Scottish Academy, and, which, we believe, will shortly be placed in our National Gallery. The influence of Scott-Lauder's teaching seems to have been remarkably favourable on Scottish artists, as may be seen by the positions already attained by so many of his pupils, amongst whom may be specially mentioned Herdman, Pettie, Orchardson, Hutchison, Cameron, Peter Graham, M'Whirter, M'Taggart, Chalmers, the Burrs, &c. Rarely have qualifications requisite for a Fine-Art teacher been so happily combined as in the case of the lamented Scott-Lauder; and it is gratifying to find there will be such a becoming tribute to his memory.

HAMILTON.—An elegant memorial has been erected near the village of Cadsow, in honour of the late Duke of Hamilton. The monument, designed by Messrs. Heath, Wilson, and David Thomson, architects, Glasgow, is in the form of an open circular temple, 21 feet in diameter, raised upon a rusticated basement; the columns (of which there are nine, symbolic of the Muses) that support the entablatured roof, are each 16 feet high, of single blocks of polished red Aberdeen granite; the other portions being of fine sandstone. Within it an excellent bust—a portrait full of character and life—by Mr. Mossman, of Glasgow, has lately been placed.

LEITH.—The boldest and greatest of the recent advances made by the Fine Arts in Scotland is the revival of mural decoration within our churches. The first indication of Art in Scotland, it spread with the progress of the church, was swept away at the Reformation, and was henceforth neglected because it had graced the Catholic chapel. Its revival shows that the taste for Art is no longer soured by bigotry; church ornament is tolerated; and even if it is still looked upon with something like indifference by the Presbyterian, the beauty and effect of polychromy will in time render its application universal. Chiefly in the smaller dissenting chapels has it been ventured upon. But the most notable example is in the church of St. James, Leith. The decorations here are designed by Mr. E. F. Clarke, of London, and executed by Messrs. Ballantyne, of Edinburgh. The principles laid down by the ornamentists of the early church have been closely followed. The chancel is enriched with scrolls and diapers in dull red, the constructional parts in light blue and gold. In each panel formed by the arcading is a richly foliated niche; every niche contains a figure drawn in accordance with the conventional type of the thirteenth century. The nave and transepts are decorated with scrolls and stencilled foliage above the string-course, while the space below is covered by a dark ground colour, diapered in dark red. At the west end of the nave is a highly ornate arcade, containing panels with emblems; and on the west door is a richly foliated spandrel scroll, supporting a winged figure bearing a shield with monogram.

BASINGSTOKE.—The new Mechanics' Institute was opened in the month of October, with an exhibition of Fine and Industrial Art. The contributions included a great variety of works—models, paintings, drawings, illuminations, photographs, needle-work, &c. &c.

HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

MR. JOHN HENRY PARKER, so well known for his admirable little text-book on Gothic architecture, has directed our attention to a series of photographs, more than 1,500 in number, illustrating the archæology of Rome. A portion of these photographs were to be seen at the Institute of Architects last year, but the third portion of the collection, of which the catalogue now lies before us, consists of new pictures taken in the winter of 1868—1869.

The subjects illustrated by the photographs are clearly and systematically divided under several heads. The first series is illustrative of the modes of construction, the nature of the material used—stone or brick, the method of laying and bonding, whether *opus quadratum*, *opus reticulatum*, or *opus lateritium*, or, as we should say, ashlar-work, honeycomb-work, or coursed brick-work. Then follow views of the relics of primitive fortifications and of ancient roads, of the walls and gates of Rome, of the aqueducts and their adjuncts, of Imperial public buildings, of temples of all ages, of the domestic architecture of the empire, of obelisks, tombs, and catacombs: thus much for ancient Rome. Of mediæval and modern work we find selected specimens of domestic architecture, churches, church and altar-decorations, sculpture, mosaic pictures, fresco-paintings, inscriptions, plans, general views, and peeps at the recent excavations.

Of the great historic, archæologic, architectural, and chronological value of this mass of accurate information it would not be easy to speak with too much force. The crumbling relics of a mighty past are saved from impending demolition by means of an Art more imperishable than that which deals with stone or with iron. So heartily do we sympathise with Mr. Parker that nothing but duty to our readers compels us to criticize what we must call the evidence of the *amateur* element in the work. Very many of the photographs, valuable as they are, are far from being the best that a good and experienced photographer could produce. In some of them the indistinctness is probably due to their being taken at English hours, and not in that early morning light in which alone, as the natives well know, the finest pictorial effects are to be grasped by the camera in the climate of Italy. In other cases the optical distortion is so excessive as altogether to destroy the architectural idea of the building, and to represent it as pyramidal. It is a thousand pities that the value of a work like the present should be marred by these negligences of detail.

The subjects to which we most naturally turn for description in our pages are the frescoes and mosaic paintings. These, almost without exception, we must call more valuable as records than as pictures. The difficulties of taking the negatives, in many instances by the aluminium light, have no doubt been considerable; but in some instances the mosaics, seen in *situ*, in the general views, are much more distinct than in the special representations on a larger scale. The grim, severe aspect under which the faces of Christ and the Apostles and other Saints are depicted in the mosaics of the ninth century deserves especial attention. If the dates given by Mr. Parker be as accurate as they are precise, the contribution which he has made to the history of Industrial Art is little less important than that architectural information for which his photographs will be, no doubt, eagerly sought, and for communicating which they possess such remarkable value.

We have the treasurer's report of the Roman fund for archæological investigations and excavations, January to July, 1869, showing a receipt of only £178 1s. for subscriptions. The expenditure in 1869 is £310. We hope that those interested in Roman research will not allow this most meritorious investigation to droop for want of funds—or throw on the unaided forces of Mr. Parker the undivided responsibility, as well as the undivided honour, of a victorious struggle with time for the preservation—for the intelligence of the future—of so many monuments of the eternal city.

RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN MINOR BRITISH ART-INDUSTRIES.

TWISTED IRON-WORK.

In the course of inquiry among the utilities and necessaries of everyday life, we have been more and more convinced that every material which contributes to our household convenience is yet open to great improvement in the forms and manner of its production. We are not dealing here with the costly refinements of life, but with articles which have been necessities in the households of human kind since the earliest records of our race. On whatever grounds they may be based, our opinions of the ultimate excellence of the productions of our day are demolished one by one in the face of inventions suggested by science. It is by no means extravagant to suppose that the manufacture of iron has attained to its utmost perfection. This vulgar metal, the submissive servant of mankind in all ages, is a common necessity alike with the rich and the poor, insomuch that the ordinary range of its manufacture is familiarly known. Yet we have now to report on an invention which will form a new starting point in the manufacture. It is yet in its infancy; but it must, in maturity, become a source of production extending in a variety of directions unknown in the old forms of manufacture. It commends itself to the notice of the public by the cheapness of its products, its susceptibility of beautiful form, and its adaptability to an endless variety of uses for which it has hitherto been considered unsuited by the costliness of production.

The invention to which we refer is "Tuddenham & Co's. patent improved twisted iron-work," the invention of Mr. Stephen Tuddenham, of Lambeth. At present the material is considered especially suited for the manufacture of chancel-screens, communion-rails, balusters, window-guards, window-sash bars, bedsteads, balconies, palisades, gates, &c. All this, it may be said, is obtainable in cast and wrought-iron. This is true; but the ordinary methods of production are without the united and essential conditions of cheapness, beauty, and strength.

The two engraved designs show, in very different classes of work, what can be effected in this way. The vine-leaf and tendril composition is an arabesque, so light as to rival even decorative painting; the other, heavier and more substantial, yet playful and eccentric, exhibits an example of work and composition adaptable to screens, gates, and every kind of iron-fence work which can be enriched by ornament. The execution of the vine-leaf composition, if not impossible by the hammer, would, at least, modelled by such means, be so costly as to equal in price a rare work of Art. The leaves are so thin as almost to yield to the pressure of the

hand, and it will be observed that they imitate the lightness and tenderness of the natural leaf by their tendency to fold and curl up. The most delicate structural markings are given with a precision which bids defiance to the most subtle manipulation by the hammer. These leaves, in fact, are first cast, and then they receive from the hammer that flexure which leaves commonly assume before they decay. The

designs may be produced in cast-iron, which is afterwards treated in the ordinary way, and supposing there be a standard or shaft in the composition, this is twisted, and assumes a prescribed form.

The machine by which these forms are produced is very versatile in its applications. Thus the inventor may twist an entire bar, or limit the operation to a portion only of its length. Again, we see bars twisted half to the left and half to the right, the division being marked by a central ornament, usually of cast-iron, the fixing of which is, we believe, one of the minor *arcana* of the manufacture. It will be easily understood that the power of thus dealing with wrought-iron is applicable to other metals. The company shows a section of polished steel twisted; and if steel can be so dealt with, we may suppose that most of the malleable and fusible metals may be treated in the same way. We noticed a very beautiful spiral section of a combination of iron and brass, admirably suited for interior decoration; and also a variety of baluster-rails that exhibit some of the forms in which such articles are producible. All are painted, enamelled, or otherwise enriched; this treatment generally assisting very much the form of the rail.

composition is elegant, and it might be adapted to a variety of uses in which it would prove highly ornamental. The other example comes nearer to hammered work, but no handiwork could rival the regularity of the twist and the sharpness of the ribbon.

As all our most valuable inventions are remarkable for the simplicity of their primary elements, the principle of this is so obvious we are surprised it has never before been applied. To describe, it may be, one of the commonest forms of the production, let us suppose a bar of wrought-iron, the profile section of which may be diamond shaped, triangular, or quadrangular. This bar after having been submitted to the action of the machinery employed by Mr. Tuddenham comes out "twisted," with a beauty and regularity which certainly could never be imitated by the most cunning hammer-work of the most accomplished smith. To take another and much more complicated example: we see a bar of iron, the profile section of which looks very unpromising of the beautiful result, but after the operation of twisting, it comes out as a centre rod round which run a couple of spiral ribbons, perfect as to arrangement and regularity, and not the least interesting feature of the work is its sharpness. It is difficult to conceive the possibility of imitating this design, we may call it, by any handicraft, and much less, another which we instance—a bar composed of a group of evenly laid strands, which comes out looking very like a composition of twisted bars, and so curiously complicated, yet so regular, as entirely to set aside the idea of the labours of the smith.

As in our day the introduction to popularity of such inventions as that which we now describe is in the hands of architects, engineers, decorators, and ornamentists, a novelty which, in consideration of its merits, addresses itself to these professions, must commend itself by its utility, its adaptability to decoration, and its cost,—and by these three qualities this invention is eminently distinguished.

We are not unfamiliar with twisted forms in iron as employed for rails, supports, and bars; but there is a poverty and monotony of device in such productions that excite no interest in the observer. The metal employed is not restricted to wrought-iron; but

The application of the invention, we repeat, is in its infancy; but we can see no limit to its future development in its particular department. Of course, the exertions of Mr. Tuddenham are at present directed to the production of utilities in quantity, for it is these, after all, that constitute the sound basis of most manufactures. The present productions point to an extensive range of exterior and interior decoration, which may be greatly extended by the production of rich castings, finished by the hammer. Foliage, for instance, and the most delicate appliances of enrichment, may be cast, and afterwards formed, and even modelled, by the hammer. We have seen a vine-leaf so treated as to communicate to it the tender pliability of the natural leaf; and if objects so delicate can be effectively reproduced and applied in enrichment, there is scarcely any object that is not available.

To refer more immediately to the commercial question of cost: the ornamental baluster-rail, in cast-iron, costing so many shillings, can be sold by this establishment at somewhat more than half the price. To pass from small things to great: a set of park-gates, consisting of a centre carriage-entrance and two side-gates, of florid design, in wrought-iron, would cost not less than six or seven hundred pounds; whereas it seems that at this establishment the same work could be executed for little more than half the sum. The invention is well suited for the manufacture of furniture and fittings for churches, public buildings, and offices. The richest designs for screens and altar-rails can be worked out by this means; also lecterns, gasoliers, and ornamental pulpit-supports, with a taste and sharpness which might remind us of the elaborate iron-works of the German *cinque-cento*. It must not be forgotten that any work executed in this manner can be repaired, should it be broken; and this advantage which the material possesses over cast-iron, that cannot be repaired in case of fracture, enhances greatly the value of productions in malleable cast-iron.

The gates at the Marble Arch present one of the richest designs that has ever been executed in cast-iron, and an idea of their value is suggested by the care shown for their preservation. If these gates were to be broken, there is no means of repair. Cast-iron, as is commonly known, is much more liable to breakage than wrought-iron, or malleable cast-iron which is distinguished by the twofold advantage of great strength and readily admitting of repair. We might, were it necessary, by reference to parliamentary papers between forty and fifty years old, get at the figures of the cost of this very expensive work; but it is enough for our purpose to observe that the mould for the casting would form a very considerable item in the column of details. Of the design we say nothing, because this will be a necessity as well for malleable cast-iron, as for common cast-iron. Among the most remarkable examples of recent florid iron-castings, are those on the staircase of the new India Office. That they are extremely heavy, and out of proportion with the rail of the balustrade, is not the question here. The design appears to us to have been suggested, by a desire to show something of a kind that is not produced in wrought-iron, of which the peculiar distinction is always lightness. It might not be impossible for an enterprising artist, with mechanical assistance, to model such a work with the hammer; but it would be at a cost which would remove the production from the list of household appliances, and rank it among precious works of Art. In all ordinary wrought-iron designs, it continually occurs that the welding is performed without reference to natural form; and hence the charm of the allusion to vegetable life is lost. The principle of composition employed in the works in Lambeth is, we believe, enormous pressure, or, at least, some effective means which leaves a perfectly clean joint.

Of this invention, it is not too much to say, that it promises the production of works in iron and other metals of the most elegant form. The Company is in its infancy, and is at present engaged principally in such works as shall establish it as a producer of necessaries presenting advantages not found in like articles of the same material. But this is only the first application of the invention. We can see in the principle developments in different directions, with inevitable modifications, presenting facilities for the execution of the richest and most graceful designs at a cost singularly cheap in comparison with the beauty of the work. We have mentioned having seen a vine-leaf, finished we may say, under the hammer. If, therefore, a vegetable structure, so delicate, could be thus treated, any similar object could be helped by the finish of the hammer in a skilful hand, to even a closer imitation of natural character and surfaces, than is yielded either by casting or machinery. It will not be immediately that such a consummation can be attained; but here is a means of executing in iron the most graceful and elegant designs, at a cost greatly below that of ordinary hammered work; and allowing time for the establishment of the Company in the confidence of the public, it is earnestly to be hoped that with the cultivation of the invention for the production of necessaries, it will not lose sight of its value in the direction of Fine Art.

We may add that specimens of the iron-work are to be seen at the offices of the Company's sole agents, Messrs. Bates, Walker & Co., 27, Walbrook.

H. Murray.

THESEUS.

FROM THE SCULPTURES OF THE PARTHENON.

This is a very different example of sculptured work to those we are accustomed to place before our readers, and, probably, will be less acceptable to many; but our object in presenting it is to show from what sources all great sculptors for nearly a thousand years, or possibly more, have derived their inspirations in a greater or less degree.

The possession of the Elgin collection of marbles, in the British Museum, has established in our own country a national school of sculpture founded on the noblest models that Art has ever produced. Presumed to be the work of Phidias, they were taken, chiefly, from the ruins of the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, at Athens, erected during the administration of Pericles, about 448 B.C. The principal story represented in the frieze of the peristyle of the building on the southern side, is the contest between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, arising out of the following traditional occurrence. The Centaurs were invited to the nuptials of Pirithous, king of the Lapithæ. During the marriage banquet, one of them, named Eurytion, or Eurytus, elated by wine, offered an insult to the person of Hippodamia, the bride. This outrage was immediately resented by one of the guests, Theseus, king of Athens, 1235 B.C. — nearly two centuries before David sat on the throne of Judah—and the friend of Pirithous. Theseus, snatching up a large vessel filled with wine, hurled it at the head of the offender, bringing him lifeless to the ground. A general engagement followed, in which the Centaurs were defeated.

The grand figure of Theseus, here engraved, is one of the numerous statues that adorned the tympana, or pediments. Even in its sadly mutilated condition it is a marvellous specimen, in its anatomical development, of ancient Greek Art—a fine study for sculptor or painter. Indeed, the whole series of Grecian sculptures in the British Museum cannot but impress the mind with a sense of the power and elegance of those wondrous creations—enduring monuments of true genius.

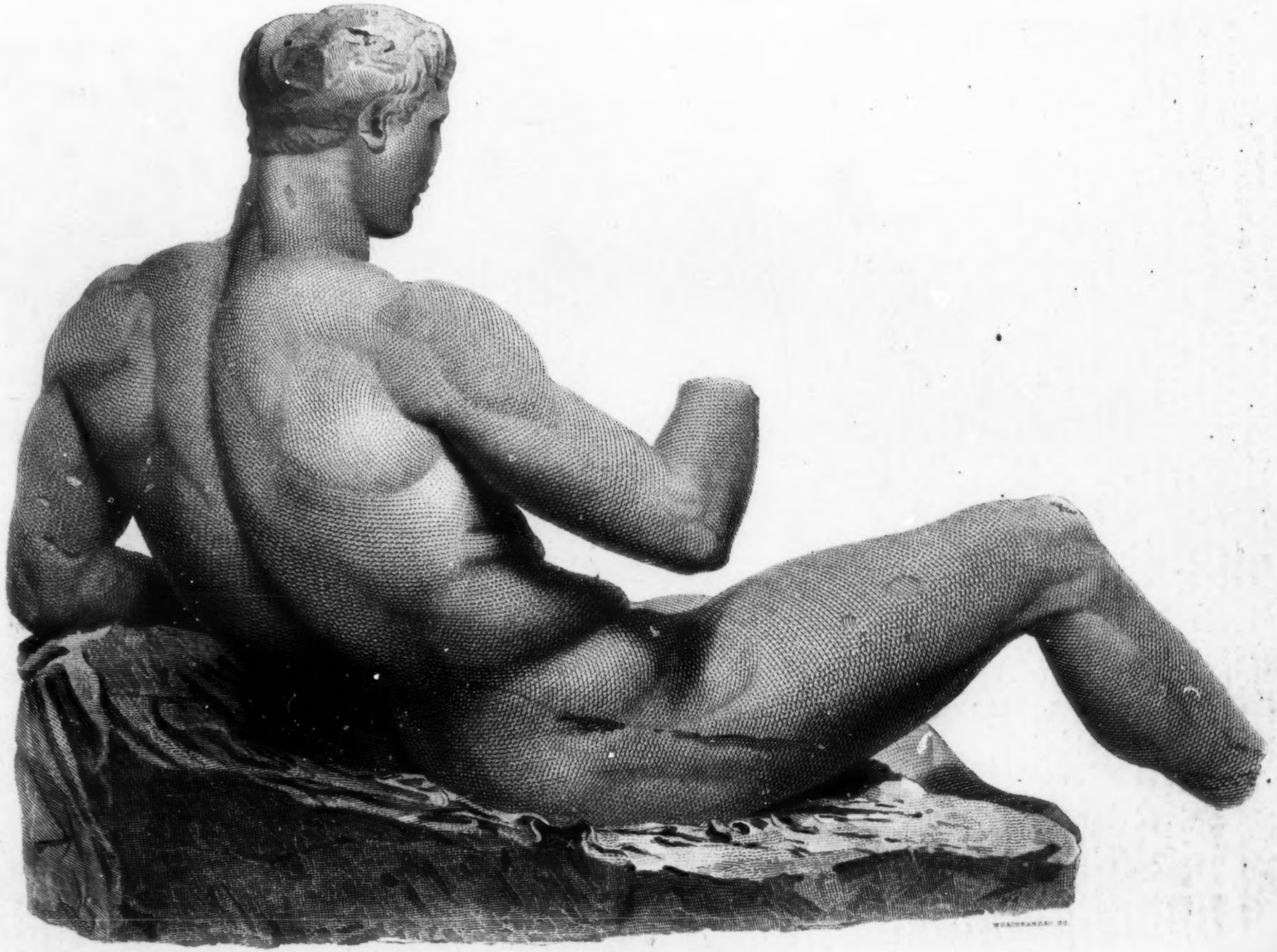
FRENCH GALLERY.

SEVENTEENTH WINTER EXHIBITION.

This gallery contains, as heretofore at this winter season, a varied and pleasing selection of "Cabinet Pictures by British and Foreign Artists." The latter, which preponderate, offer most novelty and material for criticism. The student of Continental schools will here be glad to make the acquaintance of men not hitherto known in England. Stars of the first magnitude may be seen from afar, but lesser lights are altogether obscured if not brought within range of close vision. Yet some of the artists here conspicuous, such as Portaels, De Jonghe, Koller, Devriendt, Clays, Schreyer, shine already in the clear brightness of established European reputations. This gallery, as usual, has the advantage of being carefully hung and well balanced; the art of "padding" is understood; choice pictures are forced up to the eye, second-rate products wisely kept in subordination. Perhaps the collective result may be a little below the average of former years. Still, this well-furnished room contains not a few rare works, which no true lover of Art can forego the pleasure of visiting.

G. De Jonghe, a Belgian painter of wide repute, repeats a treatment which has already become familiar in this gallery. 'The Picture-Book' is primarily a yellow bed, intentionally made outrageously yellow, in order that the painter may show his skill in surmounting the difficulty. His treatment is altogether so defiant that he even seeks to relieve a gold frame from the surface of golden silk. Few artists could solve so hard a problem, though, be it observed, the difficulty is of the painter's own seeking. Koller and Devriendt, who have both here also made themselves favourably known, exhibit two characteristic compositions. 'The Visit,' by the former, is managed and painted to admiration: a queen-like lady sits in state in a rich apartment clothed with tapestries and wall paintings. The style, it will readily be admitted, is mannered, and the surface has too much the polish of porcelain, still the work, in its way, can scarcely be surpassed. A somewhat companion picture, 'Going to Mass,' is by J. Devriendt, an artist whom we are accustomed to associate in manner with the late Baron Leys. 'Going to Mass,' in fact, is studiously mediæval, after the mode of Memling and other early Flemish painters. We have nothing quite corresponding with this style in England, though several of our artists have of late been going in this direction. Great, verily, is the diversity which at this moment subsists among the schools of the Continent, as indeed may be seen at a glance, by the comparison of these mediæval products with a grandly tragic figure, 'Jealousy,' by the illustrious M. Portaels, who is known to have fallen under Eastern influence. This well-studied, stately, and deeply-impressive figure, fit character for the heroine of deadly romantic deeds, we incline to accept as the least faulty of the painter's ideal creations. The treatment is supremely artistic: the work has quiet power; and a certain florid decoration, which has been the artist's bane, is here kept within soberest confines.

The more recent and realistic phases of the Munich school are represented by products good, bad, and indifferent. A large, brilliant, but somewhat flaunting composition, by Liezenmayer, a distinguished pupil of Piloty, has already fallen under our notice. In our review of the Bavarian gallery in the great Paris Exposition of 1867 we wrote: "Liezenmayer, in two distinguished compositions, 'Maria Theresa nursing a Child' and 'The Canonisation of Elizabeth of Hungary,' rivals Piloty in technical force, brilliant light, texture of paint, and handling of brush." The first of these works now commands the place of honour in the Pall Mall Gallery, and has never before been seen to equal advantage. Mr. Folingsby, another pupil of Piloty, is also favourably represented by a picture poetic in conception, 'The Song is ended.' This work was deservedly commended when first seen this autumn in the Munich International Exhibition. Notwith-



THESEUS.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE EASTERN PEDIMENT OF THE PARTHENON

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standing these and other gleanings from Munich, and one or more minor importations from Dusseldorf, the German school still continues insufficiently known and ill appreciated in London.

The landscapes, sea-pieces, and animal-paintings, which we owe to the Continent, merit attention. 'Three Marines,' from Theodor Weber, a well-established painter, who appears to advantage in the Munich Exhibition, are in themselves sufficient to make a reputation. The style is wholly different from that of Stanfield, Cooke, Turner, or Fielding. It is evident that Weber studies nature in an independent spirit; and the pictures he produces are admirable for movement in wave, and stormy character in sky. M. Clays, the distinguished marine-painter of Belgium, delineates once more for our delight Dutch vessels quietly floating on a tranquil sea, 'Off the Coast of Holland.' His manner has a charm peculiarly his own. H. Koekkoek, the Dutchman, has a couple of little coast scenes, 'Loading the Boat' and 'Discharging the Cargo,' which fully explain how it is the artist has made himself a favourite in his own land. The greys may be a little blue, and the whole effect rather pretty; but the execution has sparkle, and the detail truth. 'Punt Fishing,' by J. Maris, should also be noted: we have from the first recognised rare quality in this artist. Also, near at hand, should not be overlooked, charming little interiors, by P. Seignac, who, a few months since, attracted attention for a sentiment thrown into small simple figures akin to Frère. Lambinet is again far from his best: other landscape-painters are taking the lead of him. By Mrs. Folingsby we observe 'The Ferry,' a study from nature, commendable for simplicity and for truth of atmospheric effect. We conclude this rapid survey of foreign works by bestowing liberal praise on A. Schreyer, who more and more justifies the good opinions he won when first seen in this gallery. 'Travelling in Wallachia' has pathos; the suffering horses arouse sympathy. No artist throws so much expression into patient, mute animals.

The English pictures are not altogether unimportant, though a large proportion do not fall within the range of criticism. We are glad to meet Mr. Creswick again: 'Fording the Stream' has the quiet charm of his best manner. Mr. Leader exhibits five landscapes; Mr. Vicat Cole, one; J. Peel, four; T. S. Cooper, two; F. W. Hulme, one; G. F. Teniswood has also one, a small canvas: none of these landscapes need make demands on our limited space, because each master is at his accustomed standard, and no more. Among figure-painters, we may also pass with accustomed meed of commendation, or its contrary, J. C. Horsley, R. A.; F. Goodall, R. A.; H. Le Jeune, A.R.A.; E. Nicol, A.R.A.; and J. Archer. We regret that we do not find ourselves with room to distinguish between the individual merits of these several painters. But Mr. Long's large panorama of 'Liberty of Creed in Andalusia' challenges criticism, if only by its inordinate dimensions. The work is unequal: ambition is still in excess of knowledge, yet the artist makes progress; and exceptional passages show that the painter has power, if he will only put himself under discipline, to win a first position in his profession. J. B. Burgess, within the same Spanish sphere of subject, shows more thorough training. 'The Padre's Visit' is masterly, brilliant, yet not overdone. The heads have character, beauty, colour; and the realism of the details detracts nothing from the dignity of a composition which seems to concentrate what is most pictorial in Spanish life and character.

The Scotch school comes out with more than usual strength and eccentricity. Yet T. Faed, R.A., departs not from his later manner; a rustic 'In Doubt,' combines simplicity with sentiment, in a way that is known to be popular and marketable. In a different manner, but with the reward of the same signal success, Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Pettie push still further their previous efforts. 'The Idol' shares the merits and the defects identified with Mr. Orchardson: the execution is careless, scratchy, and incomplete; the colour is, at least in places, not only dull, but dirty. Yet it may be fairly urged that these defects, if they be defects, are not only intentional, but are consequent upon palpable merits. At all events, we vastly prefer the eccentricity of a man of genius to the commonplace propriety of painstaking mediocrity. Mr. Pettie exhibits two pictures: the one, 'A Hard Fight,' falls alike under the strictures and the praises we have bestowed upon Mr. Orchardson's abnormal performance. 'Romeo and the Apothecary,' also by Mr. Pettie, is, at all events, one more proof of the artist's versatility: the "Apothecary" is a literal yet imaginative conception of the character: what we know of the Alchemists of old is embodied in this wild and fantastic figure. Mr. Pettie has a vein of quaint originality, together with a conception of colour with a meaning in it, from which we may look for further outcome than we have yet received. Before we quit this interesting gallery, we point, close at the door, to 'Indifference,' by G. H. Boughton, a composition of humour and of satire singular for an oblique, yet eminently artistic, way of looking askance at a subject. The colouring, as indeed the whole treatment, is marked by the characteristics of the French school. This "French Gallery," indeed, thus sustains the reputation it has long borne: it has the merit of bringing into relationship schools which, though diverse in nationality, are, by the universality of their aims, truly cosmopolitan.

OLD BOND STREET GALLERY.

WINTER EXHIBITION.

This is the gallery which during the summer was devoted to the "Supplementary Exhibition;" being vacant, the proprietor not unnaturally thought he might turn the tenement to account by adding one more to the list of our Winter Exhibitions. These four rooms are small and but poorly lit, yet they furnish hanging space for upwards of 500 pictures and drawings. As to the basis upon which the enterprise is founded we know little; the catalogue does not vouchsafe one word of explanation, but we are given to understand that the management is vested in a committee, as in fact is the case with the "Dudley Gallery." We further believe that the general character and aim continue similar to those of the "select supplementary"—with this difference, however, that the pictures do not now come before the public with the distinguishing qualification and express recommendation of having been rejected elsewhere. Yet, on looking round the rooms, the spectator cannot but suspect that some of the painters are here present under a forlorn hope and tormenting fear. On the other hand, we confess there are works on these walls which would do honour to any one of our exhibitions, not excepting the Academy. And altogether this gallery, by its accessibility to all comers, may be of service; for it is well known that "Suffolk Street" is far from impartial in the favours it shows. And there has, in fact, been often before some place to which artists not over-well befriended might retreat to keep one another in countenance and administer mutual sympathy and consolation. Formerly existed the "Portland Gallery;" more recently, the "Corinthian;" and now "Bond Street" takes its turn, and deserves as much success as any one of its predecessors. The experiment should be treated kindly rather than critically. There is many an artist in the land who is struggling manfully without encouragement proportioned to his labours. The fight is hard, and the reward long in coming; the door of this gallery then is now open to those who may need to enter.

Several artists of consideration sanction the undertaking by their presence. Thus, on looking round the rooms, we recognise works by F. Smallfield, Rudolph Lehmann, J. R. S. Stanhope, P. R. Morris, B. E. Warren, C. Lucy, E. C. Barnes, F. B. Barwell, &c. To Mr. Smallfield we owe a clever composition distinguished by character, 'When Lubin is away:' the artist, however, is evidently less at home in oils than in water-colours. Mr. Rudolph Lehmann sends an admirable sketch from nature, 'Cervara.' This small interior—with detail, sparkle, and tone, worthy of a Dutch master—makes us understand the better the admirable backgrounds and accessories which this artist has occasionally thrown into his Academy pictures. 'The Net-mender,' by a young Belgian of the name of Jackman, has promise: this rustic subject is treated with breadth and power. 'The Sick Child,' by A. B. Houghton, has colour, character, and mastery, akin to the manner of Mr. Pettie. Not far distant, the eye is arrested by a subject well chosen for incident and action, and put together with point and skill. This 'Attack,' by J. W. Bottomley, is made by a flock of geese upon some pretty innocent children. The picture is well painted. On the same wall we notice for pleasing simplicity, 'Sunny Hours of Childhood,' by C. Lucy. The group recalls a picture by this artist in last Academy: it is a pity care has not been taken to draw the children's legs correctly. We notice, in passing, a simple head, the 'Thoughtful Girl,' by F. F. Smith: this unpretending little figure is excellent for colour, form, and execution. Mr. Rossiter again provokes a smile by his drollery: 'Tempus fugit' has the true character of comedy. 'Home on Furlough,' by P. R. Morris, may be commended for drawing and effect; also a work by this artist of greater importance, and much higher merit, pictures the unhappy Queen of France, during her few happy days, sitting with her young child, the Dauphin, by the side of a fountain at Versailles. 'The Old Song,' by T. Davidson, is above the average merit of its surroundings. This drawing-room interior, with piano and figures, is refined and fairly well painted. 'The Prawn-Seller,' by E. C. Barnes, is effective and realistic: we cannot say, however, that this clever artist shows signs of amending his errors, which lie usually, not on the side of weakness, but of excess in power. There are pictures answering to the name of Holmes of merit usually encountered among British artists: in fact, an enemy has whispered that while Bond Street in spring is supplementary to Burlington House, in winter it becomes supplementary to Suffolk Street. But assuredly such mediævalism as Mr. W. Crane suffers under in 'November' can be witnessed nowhere but in this unselect, universal collection. A work of similar proclivities by Mr. Stanhope, 'The gentle Music of a bygone day,' may claim apologies, if indeed any apology be needed for a production which wears unmistakable impress of genius. The colour is that of the old Venetians, the sentiment worthy of Giorgione: the picture is, in short, a poem, though if a little nearer to nature it might by some people be preferred.

There are landscapes quite up to the ordinary average of other galleries. We would claim, for example, special attention to a thoroughly true and careful study, 'The Redlands, near Leith Hills.' The artist, G. W. Mote, who is new to us, ought to do well if this be his beginning. Mr. E. Edwards, known for his etchings and oils, essays a most untractable subject, 'Bridge-Building at Blackfriars.' The artist who surmounts the difficulties here involved may encounter anything. The picture, however, is unpleasing: it is a feat rather than a success. 'An April Day,' by W. Luker; 'Near Willesden,' by J. Peel; and 'A Summer Noon on Wimbledon Common,' by A. W. Williams, are all commendable. Some coast and river scenes by G. F. Teniswood must not be overlooked.

Among the water-colours we note for favourable mention works by B. E. Warren, J. W. Allen, J. J. Curnock, W. J. Mückley, J. McCullock, and others. But it is obvious that upwards of 250 drawings, the majority whereof do not rise above mediocrity, wholly transcend the powers of criticism. The gallery is killed by numbers: less quantity and better quality can alone save its fortunes.

It is probable that when the Exhibition of the Royal Academy opens, in 1870, these rooms will be occupied as they were in 1869—by "the rejected."

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL SCULPTURE.—Many of our readers are aware that a bust of the Queen, by the Princess Louise, was exhibited this year at the Royal Academy, and subsequently presented by her Majesty to that institution. We learn from a French paper, the *Moniteur des Beaux Arts*, that the "Princess Alice is putting the finishing stroke to a bust of her nephew, the Prince Frederick William, of Prussia, as a gift to the King of Prussia."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY invites contributions to an intended exhibition of the "Works of Old Masters, associated with the Works of C. R. Leslie, R.A., and C. Stanfield, R.A." We presume—for the circular of invitation is rather obscurely expressed—that the exhibition is to be on the plan of that adopted in the winter months at the late British Institution; that is, the collection will consist of pictures by the old continental artists, with the addition of works by deceased British painters. We are gratified to see such a revival announced; and as the rooms at Burlington House are ample, we may look forward to a goodly display. The Academy has done wisely in initiating such a re-movement: it is proposed to open the exhibition at the commencement of the year.

MR. LAYARD has been succeeded by Mr. Ayrton as Chief Commissioner of Works: certainly the first-named gentleman knew much concerning Art—Art of a special order, however—and benefit to the community might have been gleaned out of his many "cruxes;" but Mr. Ayrton does not, we imagine, pretend to know anything whatever upon the subject on which he will often have to judicate. It is notorious, indeed, that to him Art is not only distasteful, but a nuisance; and that public money spent in its propagation is to do worse with it than throw it into the common sewer. Surely the time is approaching when the Fine Arts will have their minister in Great Britain.

THE ST. PETERSBURG EXHIBITION is not to be an International Exhibition; it is to consist exclusively of the Art and Art-manufactures of Russia. We shall probably, at an early period, be in a position to explain more fully the details.

MADAME JERICHAU, the accomplished Danish artist, whose works are well known and highly estimated in England as well as in her own country, is, it is said, about to visit Constantinople, commissioned to paint portraits of the ladies of the Sultan's harem. It will be difficult to overrate the interest of such a series; no doubt her sitters will be beauties to rival those of Lely, who has made the court of the second Charles "famous" for all time.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY was open during the past month at the rooms in Conduit Street. It is entitled to greater space than we can this month give it; for the collection presented some new features, and was altogether of great excellence—of excellence certainly surpassing that of former years. Among the foremost of the exhibitors are Messrs. Robinson and Cherrill (of Tunbridge Wells), Colonel Stuart Wortley, M. Rejlander, and Captain Lyon, whose copies of Temples in India are marvellous achievements of the Art. The effects of clouds by moonlight or at night produced by Colonel Wortley, are simply astonishing. While Messrs. Robinson and Cherrill have accomplished triumphs that cannot but puzzle the most experienced photographist: it is utterly impossible to guess how they have been done. As heretofore, the portraits, real and fanciful, of M. Rejlander, are singularly forcible and effective. The collection remained open but a few days: no doubt it was examined by all persons absolutely interested in the art, but to the general public it appears to have been unknown; yet it would be hard to find at any season an exhibition so fruitful of enjoyment.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL have in the press, for early publication, an English edition of M. Paul Lacroix's "Les Arts au Moyen Age et à l'Epoque de la Renaissance:" a history of the Industrial Arts of those times, profusely illustrated.

WORKMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1870.—Very considerable progress, says the *Builder*, "has been made, not only in this country, but in foreign countries. Side by side with the contributions of our own country will be the productions of the French artisan, of the thoughtful German, of the artistic Italian, of the persevering Dane, and of our American cousins. To meet the very energetic efforts made in foreign countries, seventy local committees have been formed in the United Kingdom. It is hoped that the artisans of this country will make a most determined effort, so that the Workmen's International Exhibition of 1870, in the Agricultural Hall, at Islington, will not only be a display of the best foreign workmanship, but an exposition of the talent, industry, and manipulative skill of the British workman."

FRESCO-PAINTING.—The large fresco-picture of the History of Law, painted not longer back than ten years, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, is, we hear, already exhibiting serious symptoms of decay, so far as regards the colouring of some of the principal faces; these are almost faded out of sight. So many and great have been the failures to naturalise this department of painting in England, and especially in London, that it seems to be a waste of an artist's genius and time to employ them on it; and the sooner it is given up altogether the more satisfactory will it be both to painters and the public.

HAYDON'S great picture of 'Quintus Curtius,' after being located for a long time at Canterbury Hall, now ornaments the principal saloon at Gatti's *Restaurant*, near the Charing Cross Railway Station. Among other paintings in the same room is a large one by Niemann, a view of the north bank of the Thames, taken from Waterloo Bridge: it is a creditable production. By the way, we learn that Haydon's picture, 'The Banishment of Aristides,' certainly one of his most important works, is now at Ballarat, Victoria, in the possession of Mr. Twentyman, who is forming a private gallery of paintings.

THE SLADE COLLECTION OF GLASS.—Inquiries are made of us as to the non-appearance of the illustrated catalogue of this collection; the sheets of which, we believe, have long since been printed. It is understood that Mr. Slade bequeathed a sum of money for the purpose of ensuring its early publication; and it is to be regretted that any unnecessary delay should occur in the issue of the work.

VENETIAN SILVERING.—Some two years ago we directed attention to a discovery of the ancient Venetian mode of silvering, claimed by Mr. Furse, of Hanway Street, praising highly its great merit and beauty. Whether old or new does not matter; objects thus "silvered" have remarkable brilliancy, can be washed with soap and water, and are not prejudicially affected by gas, steam, or dust. Our only hesitation in according it full confidence was whether it would stand the test of time. Mr. Furse has now placed this point beyond question, supplying evidence that the articles we saw so long ago have undergone no change whatever; we are, therefore, in duty bound to state that our only doubt has been removed. Mr. Furse has naturally added much to the list of articles he subjects to this process, introducing it into nearly all the objects of interior decoration, and borrowing many of the old Venetian models.

MR. REJLANDER has issued a photograph of Gustave Doré: we may endorse the written opinion of the accomplished artist; "it is the best that has been up to this time produced;" and it is not likely there will ever be a better. We might, however, have expected so much: the subject is a good one; the features are strongly outlined; it is not a picturesque, but it is a strong, head—a large brain is there, an eye that indicates a powerful mind: the intellectual organs—those, at least, that indicate observation, are unusually large; the small moustache does not destroy the mouth, which exhibits great firmness. Mr. Rejlander holds, and deservedly, a very foremost rank in his profession: he is a thorough artist as well as a skilful manipulator. Very conversant with the art, with its difficulties and its capabilities, he makes the best use of the one and overcomes many of the other. His photographs are generally pictures of a high class.

VOLUNTEER INTERNATIONAL TROPHY.—We have been asked to correct a misstatement in our notice, in the month of October, of this fine example of manufacturing Art. The "Trophy" is not of electro-plate, as was then stated, but is of solid silver; and it was spoken of as such when we described it at considerable length on its first appearance, about five years ago. Though the fame of Messrs. Elkington and Co. as electro-metallurgists is well known, it may not be so generally known that they are also producers of the highest-class works in the precious metals. In fact, nearly all the great artistic productions which have placed this firm on a level with the most famous throughout Europe, are of silver or gold, or a union of both. Their large bronze-castings are also worthy of special notice: among the latest of these productions are the four colossal statues on the Holborn Viaduct Bridge, referred to in another page of this month's number of our Journal.

SALVIATI has received from Venice a very large collection of those beautiful productions in glass for which the Queen of the Adriatic has been so long, and still is, famous: these are in great variety, ascending from pretty little gems of small price up to rare and costly examples, such as are considered *unique* even in Venice, and are triumphs of their best artists. Those who are in search of Christmas and New Year's gifts, that are graceful novelties and yet specimens of taste in Art, will thank us for this information.

MESSRS. COPELAND have issued several "new things" in porcelain and earthenware for Christmas, most of them being designed as gifts for the young. The robin, the mistletoe, the holly, and ivy, are necessarily prominent in the decorations. They are often good and graceful, and always pretty and pleasing.

MESSRS. WARD, of Belfast, are sending out some of their specimen cards for Christmas. They are very beautiful—examples of a high order in Art; for even their

"grotesques" are refined examples of taste: they are very varied, and the giver has a large choice from which to select. Messrs. Ward have (as we have heretofore said) created a new trade in Ireland; one that prospers as it ought to prosper; for in works of this class, beyond doubt, their productions are the very best.

Mr. Thrupp, an eminent photographist and publisher of Birmingham, has issued a large Photograph—a group of the more eminent men who attended the Social Science gathering at Birmingham in 1868. It is a very remarkable work, admirably arranged and grouped; indeed, so skilfully is this done, that we have a picture as well as a series of likenesses of men of mark of the century.

The Pocket Books of Messrs. De la Rue are, as they have always been, the best and most valuable gift-books of the season; they are the "needs" of all classes, and are brought within the reach of all. Richly or plainly bound, to suit "the pocket" in more ways than one, in these books there is no marked attempt at adornment; but they are in all respects trustworthy upon the several matters of which they treat, and are graceful instructors upon a hundred topics of thought for every day of the year—1870; we write it for the first time.

M. Dubroni's Photographic Apparatus.—M. Dubroni, a French engineer and amateur of photography, has recently patented in this country an ingenious invention, by the use of which the photographer may in future move from place to place without having to carry his house upon his back. M. Dubroni simply gets rid of the dark-room, and introduces the bath and all the solutions into the apparatus itself, by means of pipettes, and through an aperture so formed as to exclude the light. He, in fact, performs every operation necessary to the production of photographs *within* a camera of the ordinary size. This renders the apparatus perfectly portable; for it enables the peripatetic photographer, with perfect ease, to pack all his materials in a carpet-bag, leaving a corner besides for a clean shirt, soap, tooth-brush, and comb, which a high military authority has declared to constitute a sufficient outfit for a man on the march. The chief novelty is in the use made of the pipettes, of which there are two; one red, and the other blue. With the latter, the silver is ejected into the camera, which is then turned gently from side to side in order to spread the solution over the collodionised surface of the plate. The same pipette is used for the withdrawal of the liquid. The developing solution is afterwards injected, and the plate washed by means of the red pipette. A peep-hole covered with deep orange glass enables the operator to ascertain whether the development is complete or not. In an illustrated pamphlet, sold at 60, Regent Street (where the apparatus may be seen), M. Dubroni explains his invention at length, and shows that from its simplicity it is specially adapted to the wants of amateurs. The apparatus is made in five sizes, and is sold at various prices.

Mr. Rimmel has issued his usual almanac for the new year. It forms a graceful and elegant "gift," richly printed in colours, and a right good example of Art, the production of Jules Cheret, of Paris. The subjects chosen for illustration are the heroines of the poets—Moore, Scott, Byron, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Shakspere. The "ladies" are prettily drawn and coloured.

REVIEWS.

The Theory of the Arts; or, Art in Relation to Nature, Civilisation, and Man. By George Harris, F.S.A., author of "Civilisation considered as a Science." 2 vols. Published by Trübner & Co.

It will be obvious enough that a writer who employs his pen upon an abstruse treatise such as the title of this book declares, and which includes in it "an investigation analytical and critical into the origin, rise, province, principles, and application of each of the Arts,"—not omitting music as one of them—undertakes a task requiring much studious thought, and a profound theoretical, if not some practical, knowledge of the various subjects on which he writes; while he must bring to them a mind free, or as much so as possible, from all prejudices and peculiar notions about the abstract character of Art. There are few men whose mental training, so to speak, powers of investigation, independence of judgment, and thorough acquaintance with the various branches comprehended within the generic term of the Fine Arts, qualify them for such discussion; and when we find one, we are but too apprehensive that the good his labours might effect is limited to a comparatively small circle; for learned disquisitions upon any technical subject are not the kind of reading in which even the educated public take much interest—less, perhaps, as regards Art than any other.

In the two volumes lying before us are more than six hundred closely printed pages of earnest, thoughtful, and philosophical writing; essentially didactic, and therefore not to be appreciated except by those who will sit down to their contents as to a study from which they hope to derive solid instruction. Treatises upon Art, various in degrees of value, are multifarious: the subject is not new, neither is it worn out, if a writer has the power to throw any fresh light upon it. The aim of Mr. Harris is, not so much to repeat or to enforce what has been advanced by preceding pens, as to endeavour to discriminate between what he considers to be correct, and what he believes to be erroneous, in the theories respecting Art already enunciated. His object apparently is less to instruct artists than to guide connoisseurs; and he inculcates as a fundamental principle what should be the leading idea of every faithful writer upon the subject, that the real merit of every Art-work depends, not on its mechanical excellence, but on the mental power it exhibits. If a picture or a piece of sculpture shows little more than the manual dexterity of the workman, it is comparatively worthless to an intelligent mind. Unfortunately, our picture-galleries at the present time, as well as the sculptures presented to our notice, show far too much of this manipulatory excellence, when weighed in the balance against the mental efforts they develop.

The author, as may be supposed, travels over a wide extent of ground in pursuit of his investigations, as he traces the history of Art in its theory: its practice is left almost untouched; that is to say, little reference is made to the works of schools or of individual artists. We have remarked that his book is didactic; many, perhaps, would be disposed to call it dry, for Mr. Harris never seems to rise into the region of poetic description or poetic thought, even where it might be looked for, and the subject would justify it. His writing would undoubtedly prove more generally attractive had he leavened it somewhat with this element.

There is a hint thrown out in the chapter headed "Prospects for British Art," which is worth consideration at a time when so much is talked about popular education. "For the general improvment of the public taste, it is highly desirable that galleries of works of Art of superior merit should be established in the Nation, which might be opened to the public, where the finest productions could be viewed—works which are fitted to form a true standard of excellence by which to judge. For this end it also appears on every account to be expedient that copies of all the best pictures on the Continent, as also of those in several private collections in this country, should be procured and placed in one collection in the metropolis, for which, as a national object, there could be no difficulty in obtaining leave from the possessors of the original paintings." Whatever may be thought of the proposition in itself, there is, we expect, but little chance of its being carried into execution: in the first place, the owners of important pictures would, generally, be unwilling to have them copied, as this would undoubtedly tend to lessen the market-value, at least, of the originals. And assuming the scheme to be practicable, it must, unquestionably, wait till the ebb and flow of political affairs turns up another First Commissioner of Works. Mr. Ayrton, who has recently been appointed to that office, ceres, like Gallio of old, for none of these things. We can but pity him.

Mr. Harris has contributed to Art-literature a valuable treatise, that ought to find a place in every library where books of the kind are not absolutely ignored.

Wonders of Italian Art. By Louis Viardot. Published by S. Low, Son, and Marston.

In the present day one can scarcely expect to see new light thrown from the printing-press upon any school of Art—least of all, perhaps, on that of Italy; which, in England, certainly, has had much attention given to it by numerous writers. M. Viardot's "Les Merveilles de la Peinture," of which this is a translation, and a good one, forms no exception to this charge. The introductory chapters sketch out the history of pictorial Art during the dark ages, as we are accustomed to call them, till the appearance of Giotto. Then follows a concise review of the various Italian schools down to the end of the seventeenth century, when painting became almost extinct in the country. Many of the best pictures of the most distinguished artists are pointed out and described; and some illustrations are given, either photographed from engravings, or as woodcuts: almost the whole have appeared in the pages of this year's *Art-Journal*, in the series of papers entitled "Picture-Galleries of Italy."

This translation of M. Viardot's work is elegantly got up, and may be classed with the "gift-books" of the approaching season; presentable, however, only to those who feel interest in the works and histories of the old masters of painting.

Midsummer Eve: a Fairy Tale of Loving and being Loved. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Published by John Camden Hotten, 75, Piccadilly.

This most beautifully illustrated story was originally published in the *Art-Journal* so far back as the year 1848. It contains nearly 200 engravings on wood, of very great excellence, from drawings by several of the most eminent artists of the time; including Stanfield, Maclise, Ward, Goodall, Creswick, and others; but its especial value is derived from about forty of the designs of Sir Joseph Noel Paton, who was then commencing a career in which he has since achieved the highest distinction. His rare knowledge and rich fancy have never been more happily displayed; in fact, the labour to the young artist was "a labour of love;" and as much may be said of the other great painters whose contributions supplied the adornments to this attractive book.

It is well to re-publish it; for as an illustrated volume it has not since been surpassed. Moreover, it is the best story Mrs. Hall has written; the scene is principally laid where she is most at home, at the far-famed and all beautiful Lakes of Killarney. We are justified in recommending it as a charming, attractive, and appropriate Christmas Gift Book.

Christmas Books. By Charles Dickens. Published by Chapman and Hall.

Although the stories in this volume are thoroughly known to every reader of the English language in all parts of the globe, they are

always heartily and cordially welcome. They may be read again and again with pleasure and with profit; a generation is growing up to whom they will be new: we may envy them the enjoyment of a first perusal. It seems a long time ago since our hearts were stirred by the "Christmas Carol," yet we have read it now with as much delight as we did then. Mankind has since received a score of benefactions from the same liberal hand, but none more truly valuable; none, perhaps, so good, as a universal teacher of all the virtues. To the old as well as to the young here is a great—mercy! We cannot use a better word, nor one more appropriate.

It was an excellent idea to bring together into one elegant volume the five stories, "The Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man," with all the illustrations given to them by Leech, Stanfield, Maclise, Doyle, and Tenniel—artists worthy of association with Dickens: that is enough. The book is sure of a large sale, and every purchaser will have a "bargain."

NORMANDY PICTURESQUE. By HENRY BLACKBURN. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co.

A book of pleasant reading; nothing more. The author satisfies himself, and must content his readers, with a very superficial view of Normandy — the province of France that most deeply interests Englishmen. He has gathered few of its legends; of the heroes and heroines it has produced, he tells us nothing; even of "the Pucelle" he has little to say, although there are bits of Rouen that will be consecrate for ever to the memory of Joan of Arc. But he is an agreeable companion anywhere and everywhere through a district full of exciting matter, and perpetually rich in the picturesque. He sees always with an artist's eye, and depicts with the pen of an artist. He has had valuable aids with the pencil; but Prout has gone over the ground so thoroughly as to leave only the duty of copying to those who come after him.

FLORA SYMBOLICA; OR, THE LANGUAGE AND SENTIMENT OF FLOWERS. By JOHN INGRAM. Published by F. WARNE & Co.

This book is made beautiful by very elegant printing-paper and binding, and by a large number of coloured prints of flowers, single and in groups; it is one of the prettiest and best of the season's produce, carrying us back to spring and summer now that Nature is resting in gloom. The author has manifested amazing industry: there is scarcely a work treating of flowers and trees of which he has not read; culling the pleasantest anecdotes and the sweetest verse from a hundred poets, and linking them together with judgment, taste, and skill. He gives us also the "learning" of his theme; in short, a vast amount of information combined with very charming "reading." There can be no better gift book for the young.

THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES. By Mrs. BRAY. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

A new book by Mrs. Bray comes with a refreshing memory: so many years have passed since we first made her acquaintance in "the broad field" she has cultivated so well and so long. Her books are not forgotten: they may be read, and are read, by all who value healthy and useful literature; who desire fiction that shall purify and not corrupt; and who think that the holiest—and only—duty of an author is to do good in his or her generation. Her novels are so many teachers, profitable as well as pleasant, and keep their high place among the best productions of the age, though nearly half a century has passed since the earliest of them was written. Honoured be her name as one of the benefactors of the epoch.

Her present book is not a fiction; although the mists that surround the period and characters of which she writes permit free scope for imagination, and render it justifiable that history should receive the adornments of fancy. The work is thoroughly good; the life of a true hero: making us well acquainted with a period deeply interesting—that of the Crusades—of which readers have not grown weary, although put before them, from time to time, in a hundred forms.

JULIAN; OR, SCENES IN JUDEA. By WILLIAM WARE. Published by F. WARNE & Co.

The title of this book will convey an idea of its character. The time is that of Herod the Tetrarch: the author is well read in Jewish history; the geography and the topography of Scripture he has carefully studied; and the habits and manners of a period deeply interesting to all Christians are described and depicted with considerable skill. To Bible readers the book cannot fail to be agreeable and also instructive; while to the general public, the young especially, it will be a very welcome guest at a season of the year when such studies are peculiarly attractive and exciting.

TOILERS OF THE SEA. By VICTOR HUGO. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co.

This is a new edition of a famous work; largely illustrated, containing, indeed, no fewer than fifty-six illustrations, from drawings on wood by F. Chiffart, an artist well-known in Paris, but new to us in England. The designs are exceedingly clever, full of point, sometimes of humour and always of character, picturing the most striking incidents of a remarkable book.

THE KNIGHT'S RANSOM. By L. VALENTINE. Published by F. WARNE & Co.

Mrs. Valentine always writes well, with ease and grace, and occasionally with power; this is a new edition, "thoroughly revised," with several "original illustrations." We cannot say who is the artist, but the engravings are by the brothers Dalziel. The story is a good story: it may be read for pleasure and also for instruction, as "a tale of the olden time," based on history, that will make the reader familiar with many interesting incidents, customs, and "observances" of our ancestors.

FAVOURITE FABLES, in Prose and Verse, with Twenty-four Illustrations from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

The merit of this attractive book appertains to Harrison Weir, whose fancy-portraits of animals and birds have long been famous. He here exhibits to us a large and varied menagerie: cows, dogs, goats, horses, foxes, geese, magpies, eagles, leopards, lions, wolves, &c.; a stock-in-trade that has supplied him with models for more than a quarter of a century. There is nothing new in the treatment of them—he has gone over the ground a hundred times; yet there is a charm in his drawings of such themes to which no other English artist can reach. The fables are all old acquaintances—very old. There has been no "editing:" they have been brought together "any how." A few notes would have been useful; at least, we ought to know who are the authors of the fables quoted: not one name is mentioned. That is an unpardonable offence against propriety, policy, and justice.

JOHN DEANE OF NOTTINGHAM. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

Mr. Kingston is, and always will be, a favourite with boys: he may be in equal favour with their parents; for his writings are free from any taint of impurity. There is not a page in any of his numerous books that a scrupulous guardian would desire to erase. He teaches the young nothing they will have to unlearn. That is saying much of such a writer, for he certainly deals with the marvellous; his pages are stimulants, full of excitement, strange adventures, hair-breadth escapes, doing and daring in every country of the world—in countries more especially where wonders are familiar events.

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